

HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

of the Protestant Episcopal Church



JUNE, 1960



EDITORIALS

In Memoriam: DUBOSE MURPHY
Priest and Doctor

MEMOIRS OF FRANK J. KLINGBERG

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH
IN NEW JERSEY
By Nelson R. Barr

BISHOP NICHOLS OF CALIFORNIA: A DISPUTED ELEC-
TION AND A DELAYED TELEGRAM
By Frederick G. Bohne

ALONG AN ECUMENICAL WAY: A RELIGIOUS AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY
By Kendig Brubaker Cully

CURRENT BOOKS IN CHURCH HISTORY
By Fernal M. Danley

BOOK REVIEWS

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Editorials

Bishop Gray Honored by the University of the South

AT ITS commencement this month, the University of the South will honor the Right Rev. Walter H. Gray, D.D., S.T.D., Bishop of Connecticut, by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Since Bishop Gray is chairman of the Joint Commission of General Convention under whose authority *HISTORICAL MAGAZINE* is published, we have a special reason for rejoicing.

Many of our readers may not realize how versatile is Bishop Gray, and how many-sided his activities and interests. His diocese, happily, appreciates his talents, for, after serving as suffragan bishop, 1940-1945, they elected him bishop coadjutor, thus insuring that no other diocese would take him from them. In 1951, he became diocesan. Here are some of his extra-diocesan responsibilities:

President of Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Connecticut, and of the following other organizations: Society for the Increase of the Ministry; Church Scholarship Society; and the Church Missions Publishing Company.

Member of the National Council of the American Episcopal Church; member of the Lambeth Conference Consultative Body; secretary of the Anglican Congress, which held its first meeting in America in 1954 under his chairmanship; and editor of *Pan-Anglican*, a review of the world-wide Episcopal Church, published semi-annually—and the only organ of its kind.

We indeed rejoice at this recognition of Bishop Gray's outstanding contributions to so many important phases of the Church's life.

WALTER H. STOWE

When Were Eucharistic Vestments First Used in the American Episcopal Church?

THERE has been considerable controversy as to when Eucharistic vestments were first used in this country. The first reference I have been able to track down up until now has been in Vermont in the early 1860's. In the second volume of the memoirs of Gustaf Unonius, recently published by the University of Minnesota Press under the title *A Pioneer in Northwest America*, he mentions owning a chasuble and

an alb in 1845. This is probably due to the fact that he was a Swede, and the use of Eucharistic vestments in the Church of Sweden is continuous with pre-Reformation times.

GEORGE E. DEMILLE*

*All Saints' Cathedral,
Albany, New York.*

* Canon DeMille is the author of *The Catholic Movement in the American Episcopal Church* (Austin, Texas, The Church Historical Society Publication No. 12, 1950), and of other works.—*Editor's note.*

In Memoriam

DUBOSE MURPHY

July 21, 1893 — March 26, 1960

PRIEST AND DOCTOR

Associate Editor of
HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

1937 — 1960

DR. MURPHY was born in San Antonio, Texas, the son of the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy and Maud (King). An article on his father by Professor Allen J. Going of the University of Alabama, appraising "his ideas and influence," was published in *HISTORICAL MAGAZINE*, XXV (1956), 391-402. Our colleague attended High School in New Haven, Connecticut, and was graduated from Yale University, B.A., in 1915. After further study at the University of the South, 1915-1916, he served in World War I as a captain of Field Artillery in the American Expeditionary Force, 1917-1919. In the latter year, he spent some time at Christ Church, Oxford University, and in 1920 he received his Bachelor of Divinity degree from the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In October 1919, Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts ordered him deacon, and, the following June, Bishop Samuel G. Babcock ordained him priest.

After a ministry as assistant in the Church of the Epiphany, Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1919-1921, DuBose Murphy returned to the South, and the rest of his life was devoted to the advancement of the Southern Church, holding the following cures:

Priest-in-Charge of the Mission of the Resurrection, Starksville, Mississippi, 1921-1924; Rector of All Saints' Church, Austin, Texas, 1924-1928; Director of the Bible Chair, University of Texas, 1928-1930, and in the latter year he received his M.A. degree from that University; Rector of Christ Church, Tyler, Texas, 1930-1937; Rector of St. Clement's Church, El Paso, Texas, 1937-1942; and Rector of Christ Church, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, 1942 until his retirement in 1958.

On July 26, 1926, DuBose Murphy married Alice H. Magruder. To them, two children were born: Miss Alice Gardner Murphy, and Leonard Brewster Murphy, of Birmingham, Alabama—both of whom survive. Mrs. Murphy died in 1955. A brother, Dr. Gardner Murphy, is an author and director of research of the Menninger Foundation, Topeka, Kansas.

Dr. Murphy's interests and contributions were not confined to parochial activities. He was Secretary of the Diocese of Texas, 1926-1937; President of the Council of Advice of the Missionary District of New Mexico and Southwest Texas, 1937-1942; Deputy to the General Convention in 1931, 1934, and 1940; and Examining Chaplain, Diocese of Alabama, from 1945 until his death. He was also Historiographer of the Province of Sewanee. Among his publications were the following:

A Short History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Texas (1935)
Life in the Church (1945)

Articles in *HISTORICAL MAGAZINE* and in the *Anglican Theological Review*

In June 1958, the University of the South conferred on DuBose Murphy the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities. In 1958, the Diocese of Alabama published in book form a collection of Dr. Murphy's annual Christmas poems.

Requiescat in Pace

Memoirs of Frank J. Klingberg*



My mother's family came from Stolp in Pomerania near the Baltic, sixty-four miles west of Danzig, close to the Polish Corridor of the Peace of Versailles. She often told me that on a clear day she could see the wheat fields of Sweden. Whether this was the Swedish mainland or the Swedish Island of Bornholm, I do not know. Evidently the family lived near the Baltic, because she mentioned the times when the roaring of the Baltic Sea made a frightening sound.

My Ancestry

Stolp, probably dating back to the days of the Teutonic Knights, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century was a member of the Hanseatic League. In 1637, it became a part of Brandenburg. This city and country, quite obviously, had been disputed territory and doubtless was of mixed nationalities. After World War II, it became a part of Poland, whose western boundary was pushed far west to the city of Stettin, not far from the Danish border.

However, from the standpoint of my family history, all events before 1806 were dwarfed by Napoleon's smashup of Prussia at Jena and Auerstaedt in that year. Prussia was much cut down in size and the remainder became a dependent state for which Napoleon had a deep contempt. But it was between 1807 and 1813 that the regeneration of Prussia occurred under the great leadership of Baron Stein. These stirring years made an indelible impression on this whole Baltic area. The great historic event came in the Battle of Leipzig, known in Germany as the Battle of the Nations, the greatest battle in European history up to World War I. During the three days of October 16-19, 1813, Napoleon was completely defeated and lost Germany. About 800,000 men were engaged. The fervor of German patriotism was matched only by the French revolutionary ardor of the 1790's.

It was also the Renaissance age in Germany. Great men were legion. They pushed German literature, music, and science to heights never before attained in German history; music to a supremacy never matched anywhere. Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven, Alexander von Humboldt, Wilhelm von Humboldt are but a mere sampling of hosts of men. Much of the world's literature, ancient and modern, including Hindu, was translated into German. Shakespeare, for example, was rendered so idiomatically by August von Schlegel that Germans claimed him as

* See editor's Epilogue at the end of these "Memoirs."

their own. In turn, Goethe's beautiful elegy, *Hermann and Dorothea*, was turned into Latin, which work the author declared to be better than his own original.

Wilhelm von Humboldt founded the new University of Berlin, only one of many already in existence. During the nineteenth century, 10,000 Americans took pilgrimages, and, despite the language difficulties, received their Ph.D. degrees in Germany. This interlude shows the land of my ancestry, but for our family it meant absorbing the tradition of learning, not a mastery of that knowledge. The gymnasium corresponded to the Latin grammar school of England and the French lycée. These schools prepared boys for the universities, but like their counterparts elsewhere they were caste schools.

There is a legend or tradition that our family is descended from the famous Polish general Dombrowski. My brother inclined to this view, based in part on the portrait of our grandfather, who spent his whole life in Germany and was the father of a large family of boys and girls, including my mother, Johanna (1845-1922), and her older brother, Carl. Both of them landed in New York on her birthday, September 7, 1868. My uncle, Herman, came over in 1886 with many presents. I, aged three plus, remember my mother berating him for not having brought more presents for me. Out of a family of at least nine members, these three came to America, the rest remained behind. All those who remained in the old country prospered. The increase in the standard of living was not merely an American phenomenon. Standards rose in Britain, and very much so in Germany, until the large emigration practically dried up in the 1890's to this day. The grandchildren of this ancestral patriarch were well educated, beautifully dressed, and less used up than those that struggled to success in America.

My grandfather, who lived and died near Stolp, had an older brother who came to America in the 1830's and had a large family, say ten, in Bloomington, Illinois. These two men were, of course, mere children at the time of the Battle of Leipzig, but they were surrounded by veterans of the campaign of liberation under Bluecher at Leipzig and that which saved Wellington at Waterloo when Bluecher threw 70,000 Prussians against Napoleon's right flank. Mother often mentioned that the Prussians preferred the French as enemies to the Russians as friends and liberators.

On landing in New York on September 7, 1868, the two immigrants were met at Castle Garden by a Methodist agent, who loudly called their names until he found them. Their journey to Bloomington,

Illinois, was uneventful. There they were welcomed by their uncle and a large number of cousins, grown men and women as were the newcomers. My Uncle Carl at once set out for Boody, Illinois, forty or fifty miles south of Bloomington, started a blacksmith shop at age twenty-five, and fell dead with a hammer in his hands sixty years later. He soon had four forges in operation, stuffed his purse daily with money, but his sick wife used this large income up in medical care and long stays in hospitals.

Mother found what work a woman of twenty-three could, and forthwith saved money for the tomorrow. The trip had been to Bremen, then by ship to Hull, rail across England through tunnels and smoke to Liverpool, and by ship to New York. Nearly every girl had a brother with her to protect her against the ever too friendly English sailors. That route, either from Bremen or Hamburg, was taken by tens of thousands of immigrants annually from much of continental Europe and by the Irish who went to Liverpool to embark for America. The total immigration of German-speaking people between 1820 and 1920 was around 8,000,000. These masses, added to the large German colonial population of one-tenth of the population, about 400,000, probably account for a total population of 30,000,000 today or nearly one-fifth of our white population. Of course, most of these men have been fully integrated into the American population.

Both mother and father left Germany primarily for economic reasons, really no different from the causes which encouraged Kansans to seek their future life and work outside of that state. The Musches and the Klingbergs were either skilled artisans or seasoned agriculturists, going back for generations. They got jobs on landing, were welcomed for character, experience, and natural gifts. They were enthusiastically received in America and were ever happy in their new homes.

My mother and father met at the German Methodist Church in Bloomington. He had made a vow that of six girls, he'd choose the one that greeted him most heartily. That was mother. On May 5, 1870, they were married, and shortly thereafter they arrived on Lyons Creek, where they bought two 1,800-pound Norman horses, Bill and George, for \$400 from one of the German families settled there since 1857-1858. A twenty-six mile drive took them to Turkey Creek at the Nottorf home. This family had been settled there for a decade about a mile from the Klingberg property, bought by my father on an earlier trip to Dickinson County. During the first night, Bill and George got loose and went back to Lyons Creek, where my father had to recapture them.

Shortly, they were pulling the plow that turned the prairie, usually a job for three horses or two oxen, but the two giants found no difficulty in turning two or more acres of land daily. My mother followed with an ax to strike a hole in the sod and drop in corn seed.

Concurrently with the plowing, a Mr. Schegel built for us the first frame house in Hope township. For five years, my father had worked in a lumber yard in Bloomington. He went to Kansas with \$1,500. He homesteaded 65 acres, bought 160 acres for \$720, paid \$400 for the horses, and paid cash for the house. At the same time, a log stable and a log granary were built out of his black walnut on Turkey Creek. My father had the reputation of being a matchless worker who never tired. Envious neighbors said he worked himself to death. He was broad shouldered, short necked, and had a thin beard. He never owned fire arms. He was very orderly. All the tools he brought to Kansas were still ready for use when he fell ill in August, 1883.

Before my father's death on November 3, 1884, a dark-eyed stranger appeared at our house, carrying a revolver or two, set to work, and in the evenings sat and rocked my cradle from side to side with his foot, read the paper, and kept an ever watchful eye on all the people around him. Mother never knew his name, felt it prudent never to ask. After about nine months, he vanished without a word, just as he had come, merely suggesting that his departure was near by patting my cheek that evening as I lay blissfully asleep. Who was this stranger, my first and only nurse? We didn't know then; we'll never know now. Shortly, when the heating stove was brought in for the winter, my cradle was given away. The story goes that I howled mightily at the exchange of stove for cradle.

During the long illness to November 3, 1884, though bedfast, father supervised the building of a granary, a machine shed, both large buildings, and a chicken house and a stone smoke house. The granary and later the corn crib were built several feet above the ground, with large openings in the foundations, to minimize the rat menace. Despite his illness, he left several thousand dollars in cash as well as fine equipment in horses and all kinds of livestock. He never drove oxen. After his death, my mother, at a public auction, sold \$2,000 worth of property, but at least half of this sum was lost. One man, with \$1,000 worth of livestock, gave his note and escaped to Texas.

Our 223 acres called for an amount of labor scarcely equalled by the builders of the Egyptian pyramids. One instance must suffice. My father cut black walnut posts on Turkey Creek, drilled five $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch holes

through each flattened post, and strung heavy smooth wire clear around the farm to contain the livestock. Then he and mother planted Osage orange hedges around the circumference, and as barriers between the pastures and crop fields. These hedges demanded watering for a number of years. Barbed wire had not yet been invented. Much of this smooth wire lay broken in the pastures when Louis Feil, my stepfather, arrived in August, 1890. He and my brother, Will, rolled it all up on barrels, and thus cleared the pastures and fields for the safety of the livestock and made the use of the buckeye mower possible without constantly running into wire. Osage oranges in turn grew into huge trunks, spreading over much fertile land. Then many farmers in turn dug these hedges up, stump and all, to recover lost land. Such was the life of pioneer families. But we were not yet a world power. The income tax was unknown. The only direct tax was a county tax, and many a wife saved all year to get hard cash for this county tax. Our annual county tax was around \$50. Turkey Creek with its trees covered about 20 acres, deducted from the assessment.

Mother had ample funds to build a fine house and furnish it. She kept the farm in operation in a variety of ways, all more or less bad, from which plight she was rescued by marrying Louis Feil on August 3, 1890, his forty-fourth birthday, followed by her forty-fifth on September 7. Mr. Feil brought to the estate \$325 in cash, a colt two years old, and a colt not yet weaned. Nellie, the mother, was five years old and treasured by him for many years, giving birth to a number of other colts. With the \$325 and other assets, a large barn was built at once. The log barn and the frame barn with a hay roof were at once pulled down. By Thanksgiving day, 1890, the old buildings except a new corn crib were gone, chopped into huge wood piles, and the old house was half demolished, when a halt was called for the day's festivities.

My brother, Will, age fifteen, already a powerful man, joined in all this work. The whole place thus suddenly had a new look. Big piles of fire wood were stacked high, and my mother never again was short of fuel for the kitchen stove and large chunks of wood for the parlor stove. My uncle, Herman Musch, eleven years her junior, was an artisan of rare skill, both as a mason and a bricklayer. But he preferred the high wages of his craft to farm work, which had fallen largely on Will. Uncle, by a lottery method of division with my mother, got half the livestock, many implements, and moved five miles away, south of Elmo. His wife at that moment received a \$1,200 dowry, and they, too, were set up in a happy condition. The day he moved, Louis Feil and

Will started the destruction of the old house. In the drawing, we obtained a fine brown mare, tame and very large. Her colt was Nellie, the finest horse in south Dickinson County. Mr. Feil returned from the pasture one morning, snow-white, and announced Nellie had been stolen. Horses were worth \$50 apiece. Nellie had been valued at \$400. Then and ever since the question was, who stole Nellie and took her to Oklahoma? We thought we knew but dared not say anything.

Uncle Herman never became a first rate farmer. Much of the work fell on his wife and children. I well remember, Elsie, the third daughter, still quite young, being left to do the evening chores, while Uncle and Auntie went to Abilene, sixteen or seventeen miles away, for shopping. When they returned, all had been done: seven cows milked, the calves and hogs attended to, the horses stabled, chickens and geese locked up. But poor Elsie, a brilliant beautiful girl, lay on the floor from a migraine seizure. Verily, farm life was poetical for the outsider, but often child labor was a savage part of it. It was not how little a child could do, but how early and how much. Boys normally were given men's jobs at age twelve.

The hardships of farm life caused parents to plot professional life for their brighter children. Many a youth, boy and girl, went through college in the 1890's and the early 1900's partly to escape the hardships of farm life. Those days were quite different from the mechanized farm life of today. My nephew, Orton, born in 1892, nine years younger than I, at first had many of the hardships of the pioneers, but his son, David, has much expensive farm machinery, individual items of which cost \$2,000, more or less. This agricultural machinery differs from that used in the factories of industry in that it is used for very short periods. A cornhusker or a wheat harvesting combine stands idle most of the year, even when the owners follow the ripening grain from Oklahoma to North Dakota.

My father's family came from the Province of Saxony, Kingdom of Prussia, annexed at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 by means of the well-known Polish-Saxony compromise. Prussia, instead of gobbling up the whole of Saxony, received part of it, and in addition was granted eastern territory beyond Posen and also more lands in the region of the Rhine. Russia demanded territory which would have moved her boundaries very near Berlin, but England and Austria firmly refused this western penetration.

My Klingberg grandfather married twice. My father, August, and his brother, William, apparently were the mild victims of a stepmother.

I failed in 1907 to get my uncle William to write the name of their town down, which may have been little more than a village.

But it is obvious that both William Klingberg, of Bloomington, Illinois, and my father, August, were trained in husbandry on the fertile acres of the middle Elbe River. Both spent the first year in America in the rich limestone area of Pennsylvania. For a period of around thirty years, William grew vegetables on a four-acre tract near Bloomington. In the evenings by the moonlight, father, mother, and their two sons and her two stepdaughters worked on these acres, making a substantial profit. Mrs. William Klingberg kept several cows and made from \$1.00 to \$2.00 daily. For thirty-three years, he worked in the Chicago and Alton shops, inspecting and repairing locomotives. In 1898, he was laid off temporarily but his wife instantly said "enough," so at age sixty-three he called a halt to his hard labor. An inveterate duck and geese hunter, he went, when possible, to the marsh lands of southern Illinois and ever returned with many ducks. As a freight train approached, he would stand on the tracks waving his string of ducks, was picked up, and gave a bird each to engineer and fireman. This hunting shows again that he was a man of the field and the forest.

William Klingberg visited my dying father in August, 1884, bringing his six year old son, Herman, who stood unprotected in the farmer's wagon for four hours in a pouring rain as the big plow horses slowly felt their way for nineteen miles from Abilene to our farm. This trip neither his elders nor poor Herman ever forgot. The parents visited us again in 1898. We went to see his family in January, 1885, after my father's death. Another visit in the spring of 1894, with three weeks to Bloomington and one to Uncle Carl Musch in Boody, is clear in my memory. Bloomington had and has many relatives, descendants of the Musch who came to America in the 1830's and of William Klingberg.

It seems clear that both Klingbergs left Germany without a backward glance, and as far as I know my father carried on no correspondence with anybody in the old homeland. My mother, however, corresponded with all her sisters, brother, and father, throughout the years. Mother told me that August, my father, immediately learned English, read English newspapers. But since both father and mother were ardent Methodists, as were all the German settlers on lower Lyons Creek, he subscribed to *Der Christliche Apologete*, a weekly, founded by William Nast in 1839 and edited by him for fifty-three years. Later we subscribed to the fine monthly, *Haus und Herd*. The German Methodists were a closely integrated part of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Only very

late in its history was a bishop of German origin appointed, although the district superintendents were German-speaking. My mother spent forty years and much money attempting to establish a German Methodist Church in Dillon. In her will, she left \$1,000 to an orphan asylum in Quincy, Illinois.

When Mrs. Elizabeth Klingberg, my wife, talked with Mother Klingberg on visits, as in 1914 on our wedding trip to California and in later years, she was living comfortably in a convenient cottage in a village, the house full of braided rugs, warm comforters, and furniture brought from the large farm house. To a new listener, she talked of the pioneering days, the hardships of severe winters, the blizzards, and the heat of the dry summers, of what a tireless worker was Father Klingberg, "a wonderful man." Across the street was the doctor. Before breakfast, the four children came eagerly for morning prayers, kneeling in a row along a sofa. The mystery was explained when immediately afterwards delicious buckwheat pancakes were served.

Mother Klingberg was a tiny worn Grandma Moses of a woman, with tall daughters and sons, the doctor six feet. Not until I saw the Rhine villages, with the charming houses clustered close around the church spire, did I realize what courage the long years on the wide Kansas plain exacted of such a woman separated from her family. She kept in close touch with her father, brother, and sisters all her life. Their lives in Berlin were in great contrast. One sister married a court official, and the three daughters of the family attended school with the Kaiser's daughters, and were trained in all fine domestic arts and music. These three men survived the bombing of Berlin and have written us memorable accounts of the blitz, the fires, and the life in the rubble of their homes until temporary repairs were made, later completely restored.

Mother Klingberg's story must have been fully told in her letters home, but if preserved until the war, must be destroyed now in the destruction of the city. She desired her sons to leave the farm and pursue the professional life of her own family. This came about without pressure. When the doctor returned from medical school and was at a loss to find a way to begin, she had him hitch up the horses, drove with him to purchase a house, office, and the good will of a practice of an older man, retiring because of new credentials required. This was all settled in one day in August, 1900.

Within the hour, Will found himself in possession of a home, several acres of land, medicines, two teams of horses with two buggies, beds, and kitchen equipment. The Danish housekeeper, Mrs. Jensen, agreed to

stay on for one year on condition that Will get married within that time, which he did. Even before the deal was closed, patients came flocking in. Here in Elmo he remained twenty-five years, and then moved eight miles east to Hope, a town of a thousand people where he practiced twenty-three years until his sudden death in May, 1949.

The churches south of the Smoky Hill River, which bisects Dickinson County, twenty-four miles wide and thirty-six miles long, were as follows: Upper Turkey Creek had a large and flourishing German Baptist church; middle Turkey Creek had a German Reformed church; upper Lyons Creek had two large German Lutheran churches; lower Lyons Creek a large German Methodist church, to which was added another flourishing German Methodist church in Woodbine, five or six miles away. There was a large wealthy German Methodist church in Enterprise. Between Enterprise and Woodbine was a Swedish Lutheran church.

All these churches were community centers, and in some ways resembled a New England town meeting. My mother literally knew many, if not most, of the German Methodists on Lyons Creek and those in Enterprise, visiting in both places from time to time, the more in Enterprise. It was fairly easy to go via Enterprise to Abilene. And after November, 1888, my married sister lived in Enterprise. At a Lyons camp meeting that year, she met Henry Shrader in August, married him in November. I recall the meeting, aged five and a half, chiefly that I had a fight with a girl over a swing, a battle she won. The pioneers often walked miles for visits on Sunday, leaving their horses at home to rest.

Again in summary, my mother's people were master craftsmen when they came to America. So were all the descendants of her uncle who came to Illinois in the 1830's. My blacksmith uncle not only could make his own tools, but he could repair the most complicated farm machinery. The agricultural skills of the Klingbergs undoubtedly were a heritage going back for centuries into the most fertile areas of Germany, as illustrated by my Bloomington uncle. Today, the stories run the rounds how ill-treated the immigrant is. Not one of my relatives or immediate ancestors regarded America as other than a new heaven and a new earth. They landed one day, earned aplenty the next.

My mother always took me to the Ashton cemetery, one mile away. I recall her cleaning and replanting the plots and her always breaking into tears at the half way point. Probably I learned most from my sister, Martha, nearly fourteen years old at the time of father's death. Our

life was eased by the fact that our farm was unbelievably fertile. So we were well off before the stucco bed yielded a handsome income of \$8,000 from 1892 to 1899.

My Home Community in Kansas

YOUTH ON TURKEY CREEK

To summarize, my parents, August and Johanna Klingberg, arrived on Turkey Creek from Bloomington, Illinois, in May, 1870, planted their crops on 223 acres of land, built the first frame house in Hope Township, were the parents of the first township child, my sister, Martha, born on March 7, 1871, later Mrs. Henry Shrader of Enterprise. I came late in the life of the community on February 25, 1883, so late that I saw my first yoke of oxen in New Haven, Connecticut.

My brother, Will, born March 24, 1875, went to the Dickinson County High School at Chapman from 1893 to 1897, and married Viola Garver of Talmage in 1902. After a medical year at the University of Kansas and a medical degree from Rush Medical College in Chicago in March, 1901, he settled in Elmo that summer.

I went to the County High School, 1900-1903; then to the University of Kansas, 1903-1908 (A.B. and A.M. degrees and Phi Beta Kappa); then to Yale University, 1908-1911 (M.A. and Ph.D. degrees); then to the Bureau of the Census and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 1911-1912; the University of Southern California, 1912-1918; and the University of California, Los Angeles, 1918-to date.

My education was largely at Kansas expense, but mostly we Kansans, trained in special skills, got our jobs outside of the state. The Kohmans, a herd of them in chemistry; Charley Hoffman, also in chemistry, all left the state. Education trained us for jobs to be found primarily outside of Kansas. The state and county schools unconsciously prepared some boys and girls for the export trade to other parts of the United States, and occasionally into foreign lands.

Although I am still at heart a Kansan, I have been in California since August, 1912. Strangely though, I have never become a real Californian. That fact again takes figuring out. Why not a Californian? I suppose largely because my family lies buried in Dickinson County, my sister in Enterprise, my parents three miles west of Hope. There too lie my two brothers who died in infancy, and my brother Will, for half a century custodian of the health of southern Dickinson County. My stepfather, Louis Feil, is there; several of his brothers and sisters lie elsewhere in the county.

There also are buried the veteran soldiers who fought in the North-

ern armies, G.A.R. men. Practically all the older men whom I knew in my youth were veterans. They gave me a sense of time, of history, of human values, patriotism, character, self-reliance, moral courage. In short, I grew up, not only in the Hope-Dillon part of Dickinson County, I also grew up on the fields of Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, in the hills of East Tennessee where the bitter fight ebbed back and forth and families left to come to Dickinson County.

In my boyhood days, I was greatly influenced by the Methodist ministers who came to the Dillon church from Salina, Enterprise, Canada in Marion County, and at time from Lyons. They usually spent a night or two at our home. Many of them had been Civil War veterans, and all of them had served in other states. From them I learned history, being permitted to sit up late and listen to adult conversation. Some were skilled artisans and helped me to make bows and arrows, traps to catch birds and squirrels, rats and skunks. The recollections of these men went back for decades, even to the 1840's and 1850's. I learned of the dense forests of the Ohio Valley and the Great Lakes and many another pioneer region. Only recently have I recaptured the forest scenes in Conrad Richter's great trilogy—*The Trees, The Fields, The Town*.

Surrounding my boyhood were Germans in large numbers, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Swedes, Swiss. Then racial prejudice was unknown.

Yes, settled on a homestead on Turkey Creek, I yet lived in the larger world with men and books. Of course, I heard of Abilene and Wild Bill, the Texas cattle trail which ran three miles west of our home, and the Santa Fe trail to the south. And then again for many a year from a German woman of Enterprise, lamenting the many men who were shot, I finally learned that she meant soldiers in the Kansas regiments that fought in the Civil War.

So I suppose that when I left Dickinson County, then Kansas for Yale, and later settled in California, I really never left at all. The magic cords of memory have ever pulled me back. Not the rivers of California, but Turkey Creek and the Smoky Hill River are my streams.

Eisenhower is now famous, but he was but one of many worthy pioneers. Walter Meek, the Kohmans, the Rohrsers, the Hoffmans, the Dillons, the Mosleys, Nottorfs, Rubens, Evers, Rumolds, Davidsons, Ketchersids, and all those still there in the county now are worthy of commemoration. When Parker settled in the Smoky Hill River Valley in 1857, he was followed next year by a large number of pioneers in the River Valley and all of its creeks. Several churches, at least four, were built in 1858.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL

What kind of teachers did I have in the Dillon, Kansas, ungraded grammar school and at the Dickinson County High School? Almost without exception good ones, usually very fine ones. In grammar school, a neighbor, Christian Rumold, already a graduate of the University of Kansas in classics, inspired me tremendously. For him, I memorized the whole Constitution of the United States, not knowing then that the written text is but a part of our federal constitution. I loved spelling and arithmetic contests. I could hold my own in spelling, but one Fred Cook, who later became a head bookkeeper for the International Harvesting Company, could down me by choosing long division for the contest. Several of the girls were quick as lightning and won often enough.

In high school, our English teacher stands out, Anna Sanborn. Of Swedish stock, she was the main force there and managed us all in a total enrollment of two hundred. I found I was good in mechanical drawing, but relatively poor in free hand work. Miss Sanborn thought my lack of skill in drawing one of the Greek Venuses (we had several in marble) was a sign of sin, not a natural inaptitude. My music teacher, H. D. Wilson, having ample real musical talent to draw on, invited me to go fishing in the Smoky Hill River, a task better suited to my capacities.

School life was organized on a competitive basis, which led to one or two class fights and sharp rivalry between the two literary societies. One failure: I led a group of boys to put our class colors on top of the flag pole, which in turn was on top of the school tower. We failed because we could not see the top of the pole in the dark, even with a strong light. At 5:00 A.M., the janitor woke up and guessed who we were. He reported all to the principal, about seven of us, except me. Why not me? Don't know, except I was a close friend of his later daughter-in-law, Ida Manz, a pianist of marked ability.

I stood well ahead at the top of my class, going through in three years, taking two curricula at once. Christian Rumold's work gave me considerable extra high school credits. During my stay, I became a close friend of a Dr. Shea, a Scotch-Irishman of real character, who liked me. Chapman was an Irish Roman Catholic town, but Dr. Shea, a Protestant, was its master with his property interests.

When I was nine years old (1892), a stucco bed was found on our farm, and this yielded about \$8,000 in six years, enough to buy three 160-acre farms of the best quality at twenty dollars an acre, had we so wished. Day labor stood at a dollar a day. A peddler, who often spent nights with us, paid eighty-five cents for two meals for himself

and his team. In high school, I paid ten dollars per calendar month for room and board the first year, eight dollars the second year, and nine dollars the third. Mike Nicholas thought we always paid ten dollars, but his good wife, Mary, didn't want to profiteer. She went from eight to nine dollars, for she was not certain she broke even on the eight dollars.

Naturally, I became a friend of Father O'Leary, a Civil War veteran, but I was a great admirer of the Methodist minister, a Reverend Mr. Young, who was the best preacher I have ever heard to date. Father O'Leary accepted Protestants as a fact and me as one of them. But I did pick up many stories of the Irish famine of the 1840's and later. Many of those Irish remembered their days in Dublin, Liverpool, and the terrible torture on the packed Atlantic ships. I have a tender feeling for the Irish to this day.

I was twenty-five miles away from home, eight miles from my sister, Martha, in Enterprise, but we went home only at Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and summers. At age seventeen, I learned to be happy away from home, to which circumstance a stepfather, married in August, 1890, when I was seven and a half, contributed. When my father died in November, 1884, I was twenty-one months old.

With me at Mrs. Nicholas' house were Henry Kohman, Charles Hoffman, and W. Rees Robertson. We all went to the University of Kansas. Kohman and Hoffman became noted, high salaried chemists with big companies; Robertson a teacher of zoology in a number of places; and I chose history. At K.U., we were called the "fabulous four." I am the sole survivor. There was nothing fabulous about us. We were not divinely gifted as a very few of our colleagues were.

The Dickinson County High School, first of its kind in the United States, stirred numerous families in the county, whose children otherwise would not have gone beyond the one room grammar schools. A boy or girl from a neighborhood aroused the interest of other young people, and sometimes most members of a family would attend. Will Kohman, Henry Kohman, Edward Kohman, Emma Kohman, and Girard Kohman all went to this high school. Emma married a Dr. Ivy, head of the medical school of the University of Illinois. Instead of her father's fourteen children, she has only six to her credit. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's father, while a professor of sociology at the University of Kansas, deserves the credit for causing the state legislature to enact the necessary law for county high schools.

When I left high school, my mental habits were fully established,

but just what I would do at K.U. was still in question. I was as good in chemistry, zoology, German, as in history, so far as I could tell when I tested my strength in the freshman year at K.U.

MY READING

I grew up in the great age of American reading before the development of the many recent distractions. The English classics, including the nineteenth-century novelists, had as wide a circulation in America as in Britain. The Russian novelists, too, were available in translations and enjoyed a large public.

The Chautauqua movement was at its height in the late 1880's, the 1890's, and the early 1900's. These meetings offered the American public "Lifelong Learning." My sister, Martha, for decades attended these meetings and took notes. Twelve years my senior, she had limited schooling, but she knew that the tradition of learning went back in my mother's family for three hundred years.

Martha used our rich family heritage to guide me into the masterpieces of literature. She collected great classics in succession and brought them to our Turkey Creek home. At an early age, I read George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. Then *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Felix Holt*. *Silas Marner* was studied in all high schools, as were some of the works of Scott and Dickens.

The Russian novelists, especially Turgenev and Tolstoy, were available in excellent translations. *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Youth's Companion* were in nearly every home. A boy, who secured a new subscription for \$1.75, could choose one of a tempting list of prizes. Accordingly, he urged the *Companion* on his fellows. At the Dillon post office, twenty-five copies of this periodical arrived weekly. It has always seemed to me that books on American literature all but ignore this medium of tales of adventure and builder of good taste in our youth for decades.

The contributors of the *Companion* included Tennyson, Whittier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Murfree, Louisa Alcott, Howells, Stevenson, Jack London, Aldrich, and Garland, among many other noted figures. It was the chief disseminator of fine literature in America. Daniel Sharp Ford (1822-1899), editor and owner of the *Companion* for forty-two years, never permitted his name to appear in the magazine. After his death, a fine tribute was paid to his memory. He built the circulation above 500,000, and died a wealthy man.

Recently one of my cousins traced our ancestry back about three centuries on my mother's side, and in several lines discovered the fact

that we are a blend of many stocks, including French Huguenots. She learned that migraine headaches were common. My brother, a doctor, never had a headache in his life. Nor yet was he ever ill. He made a house call, age seventy-four, sat down in his office chair, and died instantly.

When I learned that George Eliot and her common-law husband, George Henry Lewes, were migrainers, but that, nevertheless, both achieved greatness, I copied her resoluteness. Every decade, I have reread her works. I am happy that today her popularity is returning as in the days when Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and Thackeray happily accepted her as one of them and their equal.

Turgenev was my Russian favorite, partly because his works are relatively short. One of his essays on capital punishment, which takes a political prisoner through a night of twelve hours, in my judgment, out-classes anything in English literature of similar genre. The prisoner never speaks. But, at the last moment, he bites the guillotiner's thumb to show his disapproval of his execution.

These great English and Russian writers gave me a course in the civilization of their lands long before I became interested in political history. Sir Walter Scott was a fascinating home companion in thousands of American homes. The youth of America was steeped in English literature. The great classics circulated through our land, as did the thousands of items of British manufacturers.

The churches inevitable introduced us to hundreds of biblical characters. If a Methodist, John and Charles Wesley became household guests. We were not told, as Lecky states, that John Wesley was "the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century," but we learned to know him well. Charles Wesley's hymns were in every hymnbook. As a youth, I learned much of John Knox and his triumph over Mary Queen of Scots. Each American community had its Scots and Scotch-Irish, as well as English people, who helped make their homelands real. Recently, *The Reader's Digest* gave an appraisal of the Scots and Scotch-Irish. They are difficult to weigh because these two groups are so overwhelmingly important in the building of America.

The pioneer has been much misunderstood. He was a representative of an older civilization and, especially in the Mississippi Valley, he moved in so rapidly, at the rate of 1,000,000 a year, that he brought his culture right with him at once to an amazing degree. The University of California was founded in 1873; that of Kansas in 1865. As late as 1890, the population of Kansas was larger than that of California. The figures being 1,428,000 to 1,213,000. In 1900, California had forged ahead,

1,485,000 to 1,470,000. One Williams College graduate might go to Yale but a classmate, equally able, would migrate to Kansas or to California. The same stock and quality of men went everywhere. The ivy-covered towers of the East could not be built at once in the West, but the learning of the ages took root immediately.

Our land had its own priceless literature for its youth. Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne are but three of many. These authors were studied in high school and our literature teachers helped us greatly. Most of us studied Latin, a requirement, but German was frequently pursued for three years, enough to get out of the grammar into the literature. German poetry is simple and fascinating, and its study clarified English grammar and built up a fine vocabulary in both languages. I found English grammar very difficult, but the combination of Latin and German with their obvious grammatical structures clarified English grammar.

NEIGHBORS

Our German Swiss neighbors in southern Dickinson County were men of quality and stature. They reflected the self-governing traditions of their homeland. As German Calvinists, that is, German Reformed, they and their forbears showed the spunk of one of their legendary national heroes, William Tell. The great dramatist, Schiller, in 1804, made *Wilhelm Tell* into a dramatic character of world-wide renown.

Christian Rohrer, a near neighbor, was one of the outstanding men of our virile community. Arriving in 1866, four years earlier than my parents, he forged ahead as a farmer. He was a prominent Dutch Reformed churchman and served as township treasurer, township trustee, and for twenty years as a member of the school board. These posts enabled him to build roads and bridges and also to promote the common welfare. I knew him well through his children and for his stabilizing influence among his neighbors. Calm and self controlled, he was a father confessor and composer of quarrels. He persuaded wives to go back to their husbands, drunkards to renounce the bottle, tempestuous men to calm down, and thieves to return their loot.

One instance will suffice. A wife, fully disgusted with her drunken husband, walked five miles in her wooden shoes to tell her tale of woe at 4:00 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Rohrer calmed her, then drove her home, and the marriage was saved. He, in short, was not only a representative citizen but a fine example of how pioneer men govern themselves. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-seven, ever an advocate and

practitioner of forbearance. Like nearly all the farmers of southern Dickinson County, who lived on bottom lands, he showed his conservative character by voting the Republican ticket.

Christian Hoffman, another German Swiss settler and a brother-in-law of Christian Rohrer, had learned the trades of baker and miller before coming to America in 1854. In 1860, he settled on Turkey Creek, but eight years later moved to a point on the Smoky Hill River, near a waterfall, purchasing the entire area of water power. Here he built a series of ever larger mills and elevators until he was a wealthy man.

Characteristic of the integrity of the man is a story told me recently by his niece. Forced to leave Switzerland because of debts incurred, he returned in the days of prosperity, paid off all his creditors, and gave them a fine dinner.

The Union Pacific Railroad was two and a half miles away, but finally built a spur to his mill. In time, both the Santa Fe and Rock Island came to Enterprise, the town he had founded. Other industries sprang up. He was especially interested in the Ehram Machine Company, still a very flourishing corporation. Hoffman, in contrast with Rohrer, began the industrialization of Kansas, at one time operating a woolen mill.

Even though Christian Hoffman lived seventeen miles from our home, as a prominent member of the German Methodist Church, mother knew him well. In her last years, she was a member of the Enterprise church. To distinguish him from many other Hoffmans, he was called "the rich Hoffman," not a term of criticism but merely a ready identification. He made a sustained effort to establish a German Methodist college in Enterprise, but with the decline of the use of German, the college was purchased by the Seventh Day Adventists, and the fine German Methodist church became an English Methodist church during World War I.

As early as 1864, Mr. Hoffman helped build the first school house in the county, served repeatedly as county treasurer, and in the state legislature. In these and many other ways, his life reveals the creation of a new democratic society, self-sufficient, self-respecting, and full of boundless vitality. The growing youths were caught up by this folk spirit. Boys and girls accepted the conditions around them as a challenge for each day and fully expected a better America either at home or in some other part of our land.

The Turkey Creek settlers built their two-story spacious homes about fifteen years after their arrival on the Kansas prairies. These six

to ten room houses they enclosed with fences, planted shade trees, set aside a garden plot with orchards near by. Our new house was built in 1886, practically concurrently with those of our neighbors. Mr. Rohrer owned 480 acres of land. Some farmers went to the head waters of these various creeks and added acres of grazing lands ten or twelve miles away.

I can well remember as mother and I looked out of a window in the old home built in 1870 and watched the Dunkard carpenters erecting the frame work of the new one a short distance away. She admonished me to be quiet as she was thinking over her plans.

As an aid to my recollections of my youth, a volume of *Portraits and Biographical Records*, gathered in 1892, has been very useful. This volume contains many sketches of leading citizens, published at a cost of fifteen dollars, wood cuts of some of the homes. Twenty-five of these drawings were furnished each subscriber at a cost of over a hundred dollars. The pictures, although conventionalized by the artists, nevertheless give a clear impression of the homes with all the farm buildings. Included are not only the Klingberg buildings, but also those of Christian Rohrer, a portrait of Christian Hoffman, and a cut of the J. B. Ehrsam Machine Company's plant in Enterprise next to the Hoffman flour mill.

A conviction not uncommon among the farmers of southern Dickinson County was that a fine warm barn built the house. Many of these barns were giants. I remember John Rumold had a bank barn forty-six feet wide, seventy-two feet long, with a built-in granary, and immense space for alfalfa.

THE KANSAS WHEAT EMPIRE

The productive wheat fields west of Dickinson County called for many harvest hands, and one of the most vivid memories of my boyhood is the endless wagons of harvesters crossing Turkey Creek and often stopping on it for a night's camping. Women and children frequently went along, and they often came to our house to get cistern water for cooking. Fanny, our wonderful shepherd dog, kept an ever watchful eye on all these visitors. A corn field was near the camping grounds, and stacks of oats stood a stone's throw away. Inevitably, campers took bundles of oats for their horses, roasting ears for themselves, and picked a parcel of apples out of our productive orchard.

The Kansas wheat empire dates from 1874, when a body of German Mennonites introduced Turkey Red seed from Russia. This hardy, drought-resisting variety was responsible for the state's greatest indus-

try. Up to 1874, around 5,000,000 bushels was the maximum crop. Today, an average wheat crop is 170,000,000 bushels. And, in 1931, the yield was 240,000,000 bushels.

I well remember when, still quite young, I was left in charge of the farm, when the parents went to visit my stepfather's brother, John Feil, twenty-two miles east on Clark's Creek. Fanny and I put up a bold front, but a kindly woman said, "Don't be afraid, we won't harm you, we know you and the dog are alone." Sometimes, Fanny and I stood on the road looking to the east wondering whether the approaching carriage might be that of my parents.

When I went to high school, Fanny always met me half a mile from home and welcomed me as only an intelligent, faithful dog can do. Her equal I have never seen or even met in the pages of fiction. In my last year in high school, at Thanksgiving time, she didn't come to greet me. She had died that morning. She knew the routine of our farm life. She always went with Mr. Feil to get feed for the mangers and would clear livestock out of the way. One day we were all away. At sunset, we found her holding seventy-five cattle near a broken fence, she being half dead of thirst. Had they escaped into the corn field, half of the herd would have died. Or again, when a horse bit into the top board of fences, she would quietly sneak around and jump up and bite his nose. But she always licked my hand when a skunk was escaping, begging not to have to kill him and suffer the vomiting agonies. What have city children lost by not having the wonderful domestic animals as pets, yes, as friends! Fanny was my dog. But, Watch, half mastiff and half bulldog, was Will's. He thought of me as a baby, but I remember his strength as he helped catch hogs and once saved a man's life from a bull. His nose was often bloody. A great hunter, his voice boomed up and down Turkey Creek, evidence that he had located a raccoon in a hollow tree and had stuck his nose into the opening to have it snapped half off by the vigilant defender inside. Even worse, he was bitten at least once a year by a rattlesnake. Each time his recovery was regarded as impossible.

We were never short of cats. If a neighbor had too many, he'd bring a sackful and turn them loose on us. Several of them helped me catch mice in the granary. I'd turn over boards and they would nab the mice. Out of many cats, I knew but one, Margarete, who spent her life as a professional rat killer. My father, having placed buildings high off the ground, we were little plagued with rats. But a quarter of a mile away was a neighbor rich in rats. Here Margarete spent her days, killing them by the hundreds. Most cats won't jump a rat. But it was her

life. As the evening shadows lengthened and objects became indistinct, Margarete would be seen coming home, her eyes aglow with satisfaction for her full day's work.

LIFE AND DEATH

The people of the tiers of regal states in the giant Mississippi Valley feared most three agents of death: typhoid fever in summer; pneumonia in winter; and cyclones during spring and summer. The two plagues have practically disappeared, but the cyclones are still on the rampage. In one instance in 1892, when I was nine years old, typhoid struck the lower half of Lyons Creek, thirty miles long, whose settlers my mother knew, and killed one-half of the youth between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. In our unit of four—Hoffman, Klingberg, Kohman, and Robertson—I alone escaped the scourge. Robertson was felled at the Dickinson County High School, Hoffman and Kohman at the University of Kansas. All three were desperately ill, but recovered. I lived with Kohman in the same room but miraculously escaped.

Dr. Ketchersid came to Hope from Tennessee about 1875 and took charge of the health of the people of southern Dickinson County for half a century. My brother, William born in 1875, became his successor from 1901 to 1949. Ketchersid was a member of the East Tennessee colony. He organized the Hope band in 1885, still going strong. Two of its members became members of Sousa's band. He went through rain and snow, often without rest or sleep for many hours. Every dog knew him and in the dark hours of the night he could safely drive into a farmer's yard, lift a milk can of five or eight gallons out of the cooling water and drink a quart or two. We were a community of mixed farming and everybody kept cows (four to twelve) for ready income for the creameries. Milk wagons collected large loads of cans to be made into butter or cheese. For many years, a pedlar from Abilene, eighteen to nineteen miles away, drove in each Tuesday to collect eggs and to bring dry goods, groceries, and news.

My brother, as a doctor, went from two teams of horses to two Fords, and finally invented a car with giant wheels to run through the snow drifts of winter. He always answered every call; was never lost or hurt, not even when a colonel in the medical reserve in World War I.

Nursing was wholly a community affair. My father died on November 3, 1884, age forty-three, having been bedfast for a year and seven weeks. During that long siege, our neighbor, Mr. Evers, visited him every day, advised with my mother, and cut my hair every month.

A volunteer sitter stayed with him every night. My sister, born March 7, 1871, rode bareback far and wide, permanently damaging her health. My mother survived all hardship and remarried on August 22, 1890. She lived until February 1, 1922, living from the days when she reached for the butter but never took any until she had a life of plenty and ease, under my brother's care, whose office was just across the street. The old settlers who survived, despite the hazards of the seasons, in many instances attained eventual security.

I well remember the morning when another neighbor, John Rumold, slowly walked along the road, tall, gaunt, bent, carrying a long crooked stick, much taller than he was. Ahead of him slowly marched three hundred hogs led along by a wagon load of feed, followed by a hundred head of steers, on their final march to Dillon, two miles away, where freight cars of the Missouri Pacific Railroad picked them up for the one hundred and eighty-five mile ride to the Kansas City stockyards. In the caboose rode Mr. Rumold, who in a few days returned home in a new blue suit, for him a giant investment, after his many thousand dollar sale of livestock. Of such stock and character were the builders of Dickinson County.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rumold lived to a ripe old age. But his half brother, Jacob Rumold, and his wife died years earlier. Their daughter, Elizabeth Rumold Kohman, the mother of a second generation of four Kohmans, died in 1957 at the age of ninety. Strange as it may seem, she was born in 1867, four years older than my sister, Martha.

When my brother, Will, began his medical practice in Elmo in August, 1901, many of the medical treatments had not yet been discovered or perfected. Smallpox vaccination was common and the great discoveries of Europe, especially Germany, were being adopted in this country. Medical education was almost in its infancy. The patent medicine man plagued the country with his cure-alls. Even today he still infests the land.

FARM LIFE

Stock breeding, including geese, turkeys, and ducks, was a challenging problem for farmers. Stallions were widely advertised, and, to that extent, an effort was made to keep the quality of horses up to a standard. But no similar effort was made to select bulls, although farmers knew that fine breeds of cattle were a necessity. Women canvased the virtues of different kinds of chickens endlessly, and went to great trouble to try to find the best fowls.

Geese, mother raised now and then. They were valuable in pro-

tecting chickens against skunks. Several geese, including a gander, would kill a skunk, if he happened to enter the hen house. A goose not only has a savage bite but can strike heavy blows with its wings. I remember only one attempt at raising turkeys, which seems to require special skills.

Our most famous horse was Jim, born in 1880 and broken in for harness and riding before my father took to his deathbed in August, 1883. Jim lived until I was nearing the end of my graduate work at Yale in 1911. He was a faithful worker but tricky. His main trick was the habit of running away as you led him through a gate. As you were closing the gate, he'd take off like a shot. When I first knew him he had lost an eye, but even so he could make a straight row a quarter of a mile long and adapted himself readily to all kinds of farm machinery: harvesters, mowers, listers, corn planters, as well as heavy loads of wheat. I remember him best when he took me home in a pouring rain one black night as I sat helpless in a two-wheeled cart. Also he was good at helping break in colts whom he handled with very sharp teeth.

But Jim hated to go to church. Turned loose in a large pasture on Saturday nights, it was always a fifty-fifty chance that he couldn't be caught on Sunday mornings. He protected the other horses from capture by leading them around by all the tricks he knew. Julie, by contrast, was a large, tame, friendly animal, and at times would surrender to the bridle as a matter of duty or conscience. Horses have very distinct individualities. Keeping them healthy and in good working order was a major problem. They were wont to run into barb wire fence, and in full flight they often do not seem to see danger ahead as a mule does. Probably the greatest single problem was to keep them from getting sore shoulders under their collars. Hitched to a plow for ten hours a day, they usually become wringing wet, and sores would develop from the terrific pressures of the collar on the shoulders. Many a farmer spent long hours bathing the shoulders to cool and free them from salt.

I named our cows after states. In a land of northern Civil War veterans, the mean cows were given southern names. It was a tossup between "Mississippi" and "Texas" which was the meaner. In a barn with their heads in stalls, each one of these two could reach clear across the man and his milk pail and throw him against the wall of the barn. Or, he might fall under her, with a bucket full of milk spilled over him. These two cows should never have been milked but permitted to bring up their calves in the natural way. Some farmers felt the superior calf running with its mother was more profitable than milking.

Our finest cow was given the name of "Hussar" on account of her

venturesome qualities. Of immense size, with long teats, she was a gentle animal, whose yield of milk was twice that of any other cow. Her calves were so big that stepfather could not carry one of them. But she loved to break through barbed wire fences and would slit her teats, one or more, thereby making her milking dangerous to the milker. She, of course, had to be milked or she would go dry. She finally cut through one teat and that one lost all its milk daily.

In Dickinson County, the Dunkards, Eisenhower's people, were noted dairymen, a business they had carried on for two centuries in Pennsylvania. The President remarked recently that being in the trenches in World War I was tough, but that milking cows in Kansas in zero weather was worse. He now has a famous herd of Black Angus cattle on his Gettysburg farm.

The two large Dunkard colonies in Dickinson County, one north and one south of the Smoky Hill River, were noted farmers and artisans of great skill. Two of them built our fine home in 1886 and also our new barn in 1890. They brought plenty of money with them in the late 1870's, and I often thought they brought more wealth with them than they left for their children. But chiefly they brought multiple skills in farming and industry. Sober, as well as industrious, they knew no working hours except from dawn to dusk. Each one of their farms was dominated by a giant barn.

In the early 1930's, even during the depression, a thoroughbred cow or bull was worth fifty thousand dollars. *Time* wrote up a Holstein cow at that time worth that sum. She was the responsibility of one man, who milked her six times a day, and she established a record unmatched to that time. Boys and girls brought up on the land of Dickinson County received all kinds of training for life's adventure, most of it severe.

Even after I went to Yale in the fall of 1908, I usually helped during the hot summer months with the work. The heat on Turkey Creek was stifling, and I suffered tortures especially during the first two or three weeks of each summer.

In the days from 1857, when the first settlers arrived in Dickinson County, until the time of the Klingberg appearance in 1870, oxen were the essential draught animal. The ox can live on grass alone, he needs no grain, only salt. His sister gives milk and replaced the massive herds of buffalo with livestock. An ox does not get excited as easily as a horse. With his collapsible feet he does not get stuck in the swamp or mud. His feet make a large hole as they go down but become small as he lifts them up.

My stepfather's brother, Fritz Feil, spent half a lifetime breaking the prairies of Kansas and Oklahoma. In ploughing, the oxen are yoked at 4:00 A.M. or earlier to work until around 9:00 A.M. Then they are turned loose, graze and rest, until around 3:30 P.M., and yoked again. Normally, they do not wander away. Lastly, in old age they can be eaten and their hides sold for leather. In pulling a load, oxen will exert their full strength patiently. A horse may balk and refuse to pull again.

The Kansas pioneer community, as illustrated by the Klingberg and Musch families, mentioned earlier, had its skilled artisans and farmers whose knowledge went back to the soils of Western Europe. Men were available to make yokes for oxen, but horses required more elaborate harness. The harness maker, however, arrived with the horse. In brief, the skills of the Atlantic seaboard as well as those of Western Europe arrived with the first settlers. In Dickinson County, mixed farming required a wide range of knowledge, and that fund existed in the varied ranks of its citizens. For a year or so, men might have to take long trips to get their wheat ground into flour. But soon one or two flour mills appeared on Turkey Creek.

Inasmuch as the first pioneers came to Dickinson County from 1857 on, my parents found a sprinkling of settlers to give them a helping hand. This aid included a vegetable garden, especially rhubarb, advice on what apple trees were best for the soil, grains for wheat, corn, oats, and barley, and an exchange of farm implements. The bottom land of all the creeks of Dickinson County was of matchless fertility. The native bluestem prairie grass grew four to six feet tall, and no weeds had survived. So keeping the soil free from weeds was relatively easy at first.

But mother somehow made a terrible mistake. To brighten the garden, someone back in Illinois persuaded her to plant beautiful morning glories, which were a worse pest than sunflowers and cockleburs. The morning glories pulled corn down flat on the ground. The cockleburs got into the tails of all livestock, except hogs, making in the case of horses and cows a veritable weapon. Dogs spent their time running the fields and then savagely pulling the burs out except the few around the neck, not within reach.

When my stepfather, Louis Feil, arrived in August, 1890, we made a determined attempt to rid a ten acre patch of the burs, but at most we covered five acres, and this was too late in the season to do the corn much good. My boyhood days had endless hours of work in the corn fields, hoe in hand, chopping through eternities of time row by row. As

already stated, when I went to the Dickinson County High School in the fall of 1900, age seventeen, the battle had been won by the process of German farmers buying the upper basins of Turkey Creek branches and largely eradicating burs and sunflowers everywhere.

Some parents bribed their children by so much per hundred or per acre as they labored along. No bribe could have sweetened this task for me. Worst of all, the ordinary garden hoe would break off the handle. Too late, I learned that special hoes were made to strike down the huge sunflower stems, at times two inches or more in diameter.

About the same time in the 1890's, two new crops were introduced: Kaffir corn and alfalfa. The former was drought resistant and the latter enriched the soil with nitrogen and yielded four huge crops a year. Our alfalfa was mowed monthly in the summer months and gathered into huge stacks of hay for the winter feeding.

Although Dickinson County was only twenty-four miles wide from east to west, even in that short distance there was a marked increase in rainfall, perhaps several inches. The difference showed itself most obviously in the trees on the creeks, both in size and in varieties. Lyons Creek on the eastern border had more oak, ash, and hickory trees than Gypsum Creek on the western border. The farther west, the more cottonwood trees. We raised both corn and wheat, but farther west no corn was grown, and the greatest wheat belt in all America developed, at times yielding forty bushels per acre. Near Abilene, in the Smoky Hill River bottom, one year a large farm yielded sixty bushels per acre, weighing sixty-one and a half pounds per bushel.

Early in the history of Kansas, experts learned that there were weather cycles by the simple process of counting the rings of trees. Despite this clear evidence, many efforts were made to change the climate by planting tracts into trees far to the west on special government land. Also the hope was expressed that the mere fact of turning the sod into farm land would make a difference in rainfall. But apparently it was the cycles that determined the weather and no man-made effort helped much, not even the prayers of the righteous.

Again in my early boyhood years, I never saw Turkey Creek flooding all its bottom lands. Then several floods came yearly, and, in 1903, after graduating from the Dickinson County High School, I couldn't get home for several days because the Smoky Hill River was in a giant flood, and we were rowed for two miles to the south side, where, providentially, a neighbor picked us up at once and hauled us home twenty-six miles away.

A Memoir of Work at Kansas and Wisconsin

At the University of Kansas, I studied with Wilbur C. Abbott, Carl Becker, Wallace Notestein, Frank Blackmar (in Sociology), and with Frank H. Hodder. Abbott was a superb storyteller, a Welsh clansman, and a master of the historical essay. Becker was not an inspirational teacher, but, in my three years in his classes, I learned much. I know now that stomach operations naturally had fatigued him. He was a superb critic of books and manuscripts, as witness his detection that Horace Walpole doctored his diary after the events happened. Abbott knew the human scene, and at Yale was repeatedly voted the most popular teacher in the Sheffield Scientific School. He not only knew what the boys said publicly about the fire which burned half the dormitory down, but he also knew how the fire actually happened. But he would never betray the boys. Never!

Notestein was especially good in English constitutional history. Then quite young, he has since become famous in his subject of the Stuarts. Yale worked out a scheme for his major usefulness in research by having him away half the time on some sort of research leave. Dr. Mildred Lucile Campbell, a relative of Mrs. Klingberg, a notable teacher at Vassar, gained much from him for her fine book on Stuart England.

Blackmar was always writing a book, read to us from his manuscripts. We took up ideal republics and studied quite a batch of them from Plato to Bellamy. I still like him even though long since dead.

Frederick Jackson Turner's students at Wisconsin watched for the gleam in his eyes. His eyes sparkled about twice in an hour. Then we sat up and took notes. He was known for his flashes of insight. His seminar was vitiated some by the heat (summer, 1909). Edward A. Ross, the sociologist, was a legend at Wisconsin. Ross fascinated generations of students and animated them with magic. Stanford had fired him. I never studied with him, but I heard of him all during my graduate years.

For effective classroom teaching, Dana Carleton Munro was perhaps the best of my time. At Madison, I joined in his crusades. We all went with him to the Holy Land and conquered the infidel. Munro was a friendly man and I still think his method of teaching was among the best. He wrote his short outline on the board just as the bell rang. Students will copy anything at that moment. Don't write so that it is already on the board. I read a lot of Latin, classical and mediaeval, Norman-French, and German for Munro that summer, being then in practice from George B. Adams' seminar at Yale.

But now back to K.U. and Hodder. I now vote him, without question, my greatest teacher. Why? He brought each day copies of an outline of topics and vague page references to books for the next day's assignment. That meant three hours of note taking every night—*three!* Next day, students took turns reciting from their notes on one of the headings. Perhaps only two or three would recite. Then someone would be called upon for critical remarks. Twenty was the limit of enrollment. One woman was usually in class. We were all handpicked. Most of us became Phi Beta Kappas. At the end of each class period, he summarized the assignment. I attained a knowledge of United States history by these three processes never forgotten: (1) note taking for three hours; (2) class discussion; (3) summary. Dr. Annie Abel and I wished to reconstruct Daniel Webster's great Seventh of March speech of 1850, which saved the Union for ten years. We were on the "Celtic," nearing our shores, the day before Christmas in 1926. Both of us remembered the speech completely.

Before leaving K.U., I wish to add a notable woman professor to my list of men. My good friend and roommate, W. Rees Robertson, went to the University of Kansas in 1902, a year before me. Well acquainted with the institution's teaching personnel, he steered me into the classes of desirable teachers. One such was Margaret Lynn in English, noted for her skill as an instructor of composition and literature. I sat expectantly in the first row when the head of the department announced that the class was too large and rows 1 and 2 had to get out. Professor Lynn later wrote, among other things, a penetrating book on Kansas, *A Stepdaughter of the Prairie* (1914).

But with Dr. Alberta Linton Corbin, whose brother was a professor of law at Yale for a lifetime, I was singularly fortunate. A Ph.D. from Yale, she knew Latin, Greek, and French as well as German. She was relatively small and a complete redhead, including freckles. She was a firm teacher and no excuse had any weight. A football victory and its after celebration meant nothing to her.

But most important she didn't stray into bypaths. Through four years it was German language and literature and very little of the scenery of the Bavarian Alps. No one of the half dozen able men in the department was her equal. Ever since then, I have maintained that a language teacher should be redheaded and chosen for her ability to stick strictly to an assignment. We compared Goethe's works with those of the Greek authors, *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, for example. Occasionally, we met with the Greek professor to maintain that Goethe was better than the

great Greek dramatists, and he would blow up and the fight was on. For such a bout, we had to read the Greek classics in translation in advance.

My first experience with Miss Corbin was when I went to her to appeal for five units of credit for German III. She referred me to Professor William Herbert Carruth, author of *Each In His Own Tongue*. He was up in a tall cherry tree, but gladly came down to hear my petition. Instantly he wrote a note to Miss Corbin, that, if I received an "A" in Schiller's *Wallenstein*, German IV, I could have five units of credit for German III. *Wallenstein* is a drama of three parts, each very long. Miss Corbin at once saw she had me in her hands. I learned pages and pages of *Wallenstein*. Much of this I can still repeat. I had a leading part in a play we put on. The large class was nine-tenths men. We learned and were happy. A language teacher who is not severe is a fake. You either learn or you don't. All class periods were lively and full of battle. Even chemistry majors were present and English majors were abundant. No one hesitated to scrap for his translation or to defend his interpretation.

Goethe's beautiful and touching *Herman and Dorothea* offered different but also fascinating study. I loved the story, the charm of the countryside, the great beauty of Dorothea. Again we learned German language and literature until they became a part of our lives forever. The greatest impact was made by Goethe's *Faust*, where great varieties of interpretation were possible; indeed, many interpretations had been made for a century. I ever intended to write Dr. Corbin a fan letter, but never got around to it. But I am still, as is many another man, a champion of a great teacher, a noble woman, one of God's queens, who did so much for so many.

So much for K.U. and Wisconsin. Herbert Bolton often told me that the men with whom I worked could never again be matched. Yes, I went to where the historians were, including many national meetings. My parents could afford to send me, and fellowships and a little tutoring at Yale (\$1,200 a year, generally at \$8.00 an hour for two hours) kept me in funds.

At K.U. I studied, but I was deep in politics, in every class scrap. Also I took much work outside of history, all from able men and women. The normal program was fifteen hours. During most of my five years, I took twenty units per semester, which enabled me vastly to enrich my training in many fields.

A Memoir of Work at Yale

When I went to Yale in the fall of 1908, that university was known as the finest center for the mastery of historical methodology in America. The great team of George Burton Adams and Edward Gaylor Bourne had made it so. Bourne died before I arrived, having given a great boost to the study of Latin American history with his *Spain in America* and other volumes before the days of Bolton. Bourne had the finest critical intelligence ever produced in America.

Adams at once set about to strengthen the department, and in rapid succession brought in W. C. Abbott, Max Farrand, Allen Johnson, Charles M. Andrews. The first two or three arrived with me. Andrews a little later. The arrival of so many men who had been heads of departments raised the question of who should be boss. Actually Adams was, and so remained until he retired years later.

Also still active were two old fashioned Yankees, "Waterloo" Wheeler, a wealthy man, and a certain Smith, a Civil War veteran, who helped persuade Lee to surrender. These old timers hadn't studied in Germany enough to receive Ph.D. degrees as most of the others had. In fact, at least half, perhaps two-thirds, of the Yale faculty had Ph.D. degrees from Germany, then largely true of every American university. Cecil Rhode's buying of Americans by his scholarships was still in its infancy, and World War I had not yet been fought to make the quarter of the white population (my estimate is 30,000,000 out of 176,000,000), those of German origin, in this country citizens of the second class. They were highly honored on every field of battle in that war and World War II. Men of German stock were heavily engaged in the American Revolution and the Civil War. The wing with many German-origin people was struck by Jackson at Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, 1863, and that at Gettysburg in the Peach Orchard on July 2, 1863. For a century before 1914, every daily newspaper in America carried the ad, "This is a most responsible position, German or Swede preferred."

Farrand took over Bourne's work. Soon he published a three-volume work on *The Records on the Constitutional Convention*. Each man had his own most distinctive personality, including that of Williston Walker, a champion of Calvin and Calvinism. In the regular bimonthly meeting of the departmental seminar, graduate students were included. Adams and Walker always clashed briefly: Walker ever maintained that, without Calvinism, democracy (representative self-government) could

not have developed, and Adams referring to the Magna Charta, the early development of parliament, common law, etc. made him back down. But they doubtless are still arguing that controversy. Graduate students did not participate much, but the professors argued vigorously and we profitted.

In seminars with me were Kenneth Scott Latourette, Charles Seymour, Charles Augustus Smith, and other people varying from time to time. Seymour had been selected by Adams for a full professorship in European history while still at Cambridge University, England, as an undergraduate. Leading Yale men had agreed to make him president of Yale as soon as he got a little older. Two or more of his ancestors had been presidents, his father a very famous Yale professor, his wife, already picked, would add her wealth to his. Latourette was pretty much through finishing his Ph.D. Smith and I, being from Kansas, had to work for our suppers and did so gladly. Adams told me at once that if I could get an "A" in his course in Mediaeval Institutions for the first year, I would get credit for the Latin, French, and German requirements. And that I did.

Smith was ten or twelve years older than I, and of Scotch-Irish stock, and he resented what he considered favoritism. After two years, he pulled out to become the registrar and admissions expert at the University of Wisconsin, where he died full of honors, thirty years later. Never took his Ph.D.

Inasmuch as I had a good fellowship for all three years, was thrown the rich and dull for tutoring at a good income, \$1,200 the last year, for very little work, I took whatever favoritism, if such it was, for granted, gathered my "A" grades there and at Wisconsin and never became greatly discontented. All Ph.D. candidates are made somewhat gloomy by the long ritual required for that degree.

It was quite obvious that I was receiving the finest training this country could afford, confirmed when I visited my fellows at Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. As indicated above, Kansans went East for graduate work, and I had good friends everywhere whom I visited at some length and saw them and their professors at national meetings.

That I was going to be a history professor was settled at the University of Kansas at the beginning of my junior year. Also, I arrived at Yale not only with an A.B. but also with an M.A. I had had loads of methodology at K.U. with Becker, Hodder, Abbott, Notestein, and a certain Boynton in English economic history—a five-hour year course.

Boynton gave us more facts than ever existed in English economic history. In short, when I reached Yale, I felt quite at home and was happy to have any able fellow graduate student. Having been brought up in a competitive age, I welcomed able competitors and forthwith set myself to get ahead of them. This spirit may have been dated, but we all had it, and took it for granted and acted accordingly.

My three-year Bulkley Fellowship in American history raised a jurisdictional dispute among the professors. I had worked with Abbott at K.U. on the anti-slavery movement in England. Farrand claimed me on the ground that the British West Indies were not covered by the word "American" in its usual sense. When Andrews arrived, Adams turned me over to him. Now both Abbott and Farrand were mad. I was sold around like a baseball player. The moves really didn't make too much difference because I was getting a broad training in both English and United States history and plenty of mediaeval and even modern European history as well. The Ph.D. oral included ancient, mediaeval, modern European, English, and American, with no limitations of time or subject matter. When over, Adams came down to report the result of the examination and remarked that I had passed one of the best qualification examinations in his twenty-five years at Yale.

We were permitted to take lecture courses without any special thought of work for credit. My lectures with "Waterloo" Wheeler and Williston Walker were designed to give information and interpretations. Very little work was required of the auditors. "Waterloo" Wheeler regretted that Napoleon didn't win Waterloo. He was not an Anglophile and could hold his own views because he had several millions, never collected his salary check, financed Yale annually.

I now come back to Andrews. His virtues were many but most important of all was his readiness to sit down and go over a manuscript in minute detail. He was partially deaf and didn't need to go out to affairs, needed little sleep, smoked a pipe constantly, didn't drink, and had married a very fine and able woman. In short, he went over every Ph.D. thesis with great care. Or, as Seymour said, Andrews would criticize and correct his speeches and presidential reports even after they were printed. Andrews died with a critical pen in his hands. His wife saw to it that on vacations to Maine and to Florida he took no manuscripts, but he always unpacked several, all despite her vigilance. On landing in England in 1926, he was given the job of writing a chapter for the *Cambridge History of the British Empire*, edited by Arthur P. Newton and others, and began that work the day he landed. Abbott

furnished endless encouragement to his students. Andrews criticized their manuscripts in detail, inch by inch.

In conducting my graduate work at U.S.C.* and at U.C.L.A.,† I have followed both men. Professor Louis Knott Koontz and I agreed that to tell a student who had done his best that he might do better was worthless advice. So we pitched in to help according to what the student needed. Granted that at times we did too much work on a thesis, sometimes very much indeed, in other cases that was not necessary. But to tell a student "May God bless you" often happens to be a professor's form of laziness or perhaps incapacity. The finest, if not the only graduate professor that is worth anything, is the one who will settle down to the job of detailed criticism, constructive suggestions for new interpretations, hints of new books or other materials, and finally will give the student flashes of insight. In summary, a graduate instructor who can't give these services is pretty much worthless. Unfortunately, few professors are really able to give these aids. I was fortunate not only in the extent and variety of my training, but also had added a year of close manuscript editing to my experience in the Division of Revision and Results, Bureau of the Census, 1911-1912.

Lastly, constant writing on my part now adds up to thirteen books and numerous monographs and articles. Then, too, the work in historical writers and writing literally for years with Becker, Abbott, Hodder, and others showed me how writers of the past had managed their affairs. Abbott and Becker were masters of this type of training, and we read great historians all through our graduate years. But reading alone is merely a form of back seat driving. Actual writing has to be done as well.

For the student himself, I have used Andrews' careful, detailed help, however time-consuming. Also, Abbott's steady encouragement. As far as possible, I make the student believe in magic, that there is much ability in him, that tomorrow may be a better day. I keep before him much that he can't reach today, but will grasp tomorrow. I don't tell him he'll have a hard time. He is having it already. Encouragement, inspiration, lots of help, especially in getting a job. A graduate professor has to spend half his time working with the student, the other half for him, getting him a job.

Accordingly, the professor has to know his fellows in other universities, know the market, inspire confidence in the buyers of Ph.D. men

* University of Southern California.

† University of California, Los Angeles.

throughout the country. He has to be a productive scholar himself, and he has to be eager to add fellow scholars to his department to give it added weight.

Editor's Epilogue

ANY recent reader of HISTORICAL MAGAZINE may know that Professor Klingberg is an Associate Editor and a member of the Joint Commission of General Convention under whose authority the Magazine is published. He may not know, however, how unique and distinguished have been Professor Klingberg's contributions to the history of humanitarianism, especially that represented by the Anglican Church through its missionary societies.

Ten years ago, ten of Dr. Klingberg's doctoral students joined in writing a *Festschrift*,

"As an Expression of Their Friendship and Esteem . . . at the Time of His Retirement from the History Faculty of the University of California, Los Angeles, after Thirty-three Years of Outstanding Service."

This was published in 1950 by the Church Historical Society under the title, *British Humanitarianism* (pp. x + 254), and edited by Dr. Samuel C. McCulloch, now Dean of San Francisco State College. In the opening paragraph of the book, the editor states:

"The world of letters knows Professor Frank J. Klingberg, through his impressive list of publications, as an accomplished scholar and masterly writer. We know him as well as a stimulating and enthusiastic teacher, with a profound love of his subject. Our volume is a testimonial of our regard for one who inspired us with his delightful excursions down the bypaths of English history."

To this volume, the reader is referred for a "Select List of Professor Klingberg's Publications," pp. 200-204.

The reader is also referred to the editorial in the March 1959 issue of HISTORICAL MAGAZINE for our "Tribute to Frank J. Klingberg," in which we pointed out that those who believe in the importance of American *religious* history owe a great debt to Professor Klingberg who, as a layman and a professional historian, helped put to rout the economic determinists when the latter dominated the study and writing of history along materialistic lines, "to the neglect of those matters which have to do with the mind and the spirit."

WALTER H. STOWE.

The Critical Period of the Episcopal Church in New Jersey*

By Nelson R. Burr†



DOCTOR Stowe¹ has just referred to the nine crosses that form a Saint Andrew's cross in the blue field of the Church flag. One of them, he said, represents New Jersey, one of the original nine dioceses of the American Episcopal Church. One of the small crosses is at the intersection—a key position. It reminds us of the fact that, one hundred and seventy-five years ago, the newly organized Diocese of New Jersey was indeed at the crossroads of events that resulted in the organization of the American Church, during the years from 1784 until 1790. I trust that my remarks will demonstrate the conservative, mediating position which this diocese occupied throughout that critical period.

At first, such a part must have seemed impossible to the handful of clergy and their depressed flocks. It would be hard to imagine any branch of the Church in a much worse situation. Of the eleven pre-Revolutionary clergy, only four remained. Uzal Ogden's Methodist sympathies were so pronounced that some wondered how long he would remain in the Episcopal Church.² William Frazer of Amwell had become intemperate, as a result of his sufferings in the Revolution.³ The same cause had reduced poor William Ayers of Monmouth County to spasmodic insanity.⁴ Abraham Beach of New Brunswick⁵ was the only one who seemed entirely reliable, and he was wearing himself out by his effort to keep the Church alive in the central counties. All about him he saw the tragic effects of New Jersey's history as the "Cockpit of the Revolution." Churches had been closed for years at a time, rectories had

* An address delivered before the Convention of the Diocese of New Jersey, May 3, 1960, on the occasion of the 175th anniversary of its organization.

† Dr. Burr is a member of the staff of the Library of Congress, and the author of ten parish histories and two definitive other works:

Education in New Jersey, 1630-1871 (Princeton University Press, 1942), pp. 355.

The Anglican Church in New Jersey (Austin, Texas, The Church Historical Society, Publication No. 40, 1954), pp. 768.

¹ The Rev. Canon Walter H. Stowe, S.T.D.

² UZAL OGDEN (1744-1822) joined the Presbyterians in 1805. See Nelson R. Burr, *The Anglican Church in New Jersey*, pp. 631-633.

³ WILLIAM FRAZER (1743-1795). *Ibid.*, pp. 604-605.

⁴ WILLIAM AYERS (died c. 1816). *Ibid.*, pp. 581-582.

⁵ ABRAHAM BEACH (1740-1828). *Ibid.*, pp. 583-585, and index *passim*.

fallen into disrepair, funds had been dissipated by inflation. Tearful people in long-vacant parishes begged him and his fellow priests to visit them again. The prospect even for the Church's survival looked bleak.

Nor was the situation in the whole country much better. In the Southern states (Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas), legislation was sweeping away the Church's privileged status as an established religion. Schism threatened, because many Churchmen in the Middle and Southern states resented what they regarded as the unseemly haste of Connecticut's clergy in obtaining a bishop—Samuel Seabury—from Scotland. The Connecticut clergy, for their part, were deeply offended by William White's proposal of 1782, to organize the Church, at least for a time, without bishops.⁶ And the whole Church was bowed under the weight of odium aroused by the avowed loyalism of many of its members during the war for independence.

The Church was floundering in a sea of disorganization. Without a resident bishop, and with only the informal clergy conventions to advise, it had become parochial and provincial. Real control lay in the parish vestries, and that situation foreshadowed the major participation of laymen in the Church's reorganization and new American polity. The Church would be episcopal, but it was destined to be also democratic.

Reorganization and revival seemed very doubtful to Abraham Beach, a brave priest who sat in his house near New Brunswick, busily writing letters to arouse a sense of responsibility for the future. As the year of formal peace approached, he became worried by the seeming indifference. The Treaty of Paris was signed, September 3, 1783, acknowledging the independence of the United States. In New York, Sir Guy Carleton, commander of the British troops, evacuated the last of the British army, November 25, 1783. The Loyalists already were sailing into exile in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Canada.⁷ What would be the fate of the Churchmen who remained?

Seeking an answer to this painful question, Beach, on January 26, 1784, confided his apprehensions to William White, the rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's in Philadelphia, who became the first Bishop of Pennsylvania.

⁶ William White, *The Case of the Episcopal Churches in the United States Considered*, edited by Richard G. Salomon, in *HISTORICAL MAGAZINE*, Vol. XXII (1953), 433-506.

⁷ A. C. Flick, in *Dictionary of American History* (New York, Scribner's, 1942) Vol. II, 313, states:

"Before the war was over, probably 200,000 loyalists died, were exiled, or became voluntary refugees to other parts of the Empire—a large number of citizens for struggling frontier communities to lose."

"I always expected," he wrote, "that as soon as the return of Peace should put it in their Power, the Members of the Episcopal Church in this Country would interest themselves in its Behalf . . . The Silence on this Subject which hath universally prevailed, and still prevails, is a matter of real Concern to me, as it seems to portend an utter extinction of that Church which I so highly venerate."⁸

This letter set in train a course of correspondence that led to a most significant meeting on May 11, 1784, in Christ Church, New Brunswick, New Jersey. The immediate reason for calling it was to reactivate the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen. The far-sighted reason was to promulgate the idea of a national organization for the Church. The plan succeeded, for this preliminary meeting in New Jersey—representing New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—called an unofficial general convention, to meet at New York in the following October, 6-7, 1784. In that gathering, New Jersey took an eminent part. And John DeHart of St. John's Parish, Elizabeth Town, was a member of the committee appointed to draft a proposed general constitution and new prayers for the state.

In these preliminary meetings, the New Jersey men displayed the principles and attitudes which this diocese observed throughout the critical period of the 1780's. They generally countenanced Abraham Beach's disapproval, clearly expressed in his letters, of "receding from ancient usages" by even a temporary departure from episcopal government. The meeting of May 11 frankly recognized the right of the laity to participate in Church assemblies. Beach and his friends already had made it obvious that to them "ancient usages" meant also the old liturgy, with as few changes as possible.

Their attitude regarding polity and liturgy placed the "Jerseymen" in the central position to which I referred a few minutes ago. With respect to episcopacy and the traditional liturgy, they ranged themselves with the conservative High Church party comprising Bishop Seabury, his New England friends, and most of the New York clergy and laity. With respect to full admission of laymen into legislation, they agreed with William White and his Pennsylvania group, and with Southern liberal Churchmen headed by the Virginians.

This meant that New Jersey took a middle ground, as well as a prominent part in drawing the parties together. We owe a heavy debt to the two priests whose busy pens wrote many letters, pleading for

⁸ William Stevens Perry, *Historical Notes and Documents . . .*, being Vol. III of *Journals of General Conventions* (Claremont, N. H., 1874), pp. 8-9, where this letter of Beach's and others of the time can be found in full.

conservative compromise, union, and peace. Abraham Beach, and Thomas B. Chandler of Elizabeth Town, had much in common. They were New Englanders, and High Churchmen of the old school led by Dr. Samuel Johnson of Stratford—dean of the Connecticut colonial clergy, theologian, philosopher, and first head of King's College (now Columbia University) in New York. Having fought for a colonial bishop, Chandler expressed his honest conviction when he wrote to William White, entreating him not to consent to any diminution of the rights of bishops. Because Beach stayed in America throughout the war—while Chandler was a Loyalist exile—he fully understood the invincible republicanism and laicism of his countrymen.

It is easy to discern the strategic position held by these two men. They made the fullest use of it in trying to amalgamate the sundered fragments of our Church in America. Beach, Chandler, and White were all native-born. They shared a deep natural pride in the part they took in organizing the first great transoceanic branch of the Anglican Church: a free Episcopal communion in a free land, governed by the clergy and the laity in cooperation and fellowship.

While their letters shuttled to and fro, the Diocese of New Jersey was forming its own organization. The primary convention met on July 6, 1785, in New Brunswick. Its character was distinctly democratic; the clergy and the laity sat together and legislated as one body. They elected deputies to the first official General Convention at Philadelphia in September, 1785. That meeting named two New Jersey deputies to its committee on accommodation of the liturgy to American conditions. They were the Rev. Abraham Beach, and Patrick Dennis, a layman from St. John's Parish in Elizabeth Town.

Before the next annual diocesan convention, the first General Convention produced a Constitution and a proposed Prayer Book for the American Church. New Jersey Churchmen considered these with mingled feelings, when they assembled for their second annual meeting in Perth Amboy on May 16-19, 1786. They unanimously approved necessary political changes in the state prayers, and the plea to the English hierarchy to consecrate bishops for the American Church. Certain radical changes in the liturgy—especially the excision of the Nicene Creed—they found appalling. The Constitution seemed to them to esteem the office of bishop rather lightly—as a convenience rather than as an essential.

The next General Convention would meet in June, 1786. With a sense of real urgency, a committee of the New Jersey Convention,

headed by Abraham Beach, drafted an eloquent memorial that had, as it was intended to have, a sobering effect.⁹ It was a dignified defense of ancient usages, deploring "any intention or desire essentially to depart, either in doctrine or discipline, from the Church of England." Those who have read the preface to the Prayer Book of 1789 will easily recognize the tenor of these words. And words like them are still in the Preface.

This memorial revealed to the liberals the real danger of schism in too wide a departure from tradition, as well as the risk of alarming the English prelates into refusing to consecrate any American bishops. It placed New Jersey squarely in the ranks with Bishop Seabury and his High Churchmen, who were remaining aloof from General Conventions, in disapproval of half-hearted episcopacy and very broad doctrines.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that New Jersey's trenchant protest had a powerful effect in moving General Convention to steer on a more conservative tack. It coincided very nicely with a letter from the English bishops, revealing their deep concern about radical changes in the "Proposed" Prayer Book. The Constitution was altered to enlarge the powers and functions of the episcopate, and the Nicene Creed was restored to its place in the Prayer Book. The third New Jersey Diocesan Convention, in June 1787, carefully compared the suggested liturgy with the old one, and decided that the old one would be better. The delegates thus helped to prepare a quiet burial for the "Proposed Book" of 1785. Its general reception had been frosty; it soon ceased to circulate, and copies of it are rare today.

While New Jersey had been exerting its conservative influence, events had moved slowly toward the climactic General Convention of 1789. The year 1787 was made ever memorable by the return (on Easter Sunday) of Bishop White of Pennsylvania and Bishop Provost of New York, from their consecration in England. That event made the

⁹This was also the opinion of Bishop William White. In his *Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A.* (DeCosta ed., New York, 1880), pp. 136-137, he said:

"There was another incident, which contributed to render the proceedings of the convention [of 1786] temperate; because it must have convinced them, that the result of considerable changes would have been the disunion of the Church. The incident alluded to, was the reading of a memorial from the convention of New Jersey, approving of some of the proceedings of the late General Convention [i.e. that of 1785]; but censuring others, and soliciting a change of counsels in those particulars. . . . The author [i.e. Dr. White] has no doubt, that his [Chandler's] letter [i.e. the New Jersey Memorial], written on the present occasion, was among the causes which prevented the disorganizing of it [i.e. the Church]."

leaders in New Jersey more determined than ever to help in drawing the New England and Southern parties of their Church together. They were alarmed by the election of a coadjutor to Bishop Seabury of Connecticut, which seemed to portend a separate New England Church.

The result was a firm resolve that the General Convention of 1789 should complete the work of reorganization along conservative lines, and end the threat of schism. New Jersey's deputies were accordingly instructed to make every effort to reduce alterations in the Prayer Book to a minimum. They were to advocate, particularly, retention of the Articles of Religion and the Psalter without modifications, and to promote union in the Church. (The Articles were not adopted until 1801.)

The result was a large measure of victory for the principles which New Jersey Churchmen had been advocating since 1784. The Constitution was amended to give bishops the right to originate legislation, and a partial veto upon acts of the deputies. The Prayer Book adopted was nearly as traditional as desired, and contained one feature which many of them especially approved. That was the Scottish Prayer of Consecration (Oblation and Invocation) in the Communion Office, which Seabury favored, in keeping with his pledge to the Scottish bishops who consecrated him. Above all, New Jersey's deputies witnessed the real unity of the American Church, when Bishop Seabury and accompanying deputies from New England subscribed to the Constitution.

It had taken over six years to reach that moment. New Jersey Churchmen must have experienced a sense of gratification for the part their diocese had taken. They had stood patiently, firmly, persistently, for primitive principles—and with their help, those principles had prevailed.

Bishop Nichols of California: A Disputed Election and a Delayed Telegram

By Frederick G. Bohme*

IN THE fall and winter of 1889, the temper of the Diocese of California was one of unhappiness. Except for the Missionary District of Northern California, constituted in 1874 (now the Diocese of Sacramento, organized in 1910), it comprised at that time all of the state from the latitude of San Francisco southward (now divided into the Dioceses of California, Los Angeles [1895], and the Missionary District of San Joaquin [1910]). It was presided over by the Rt. Rev. William Ingraham Kip, who was seventy-nine, failing in sight, and due to illness was no longer able to make the five hundred mile jaunts that had featured his episcopate some thirty-five years before.

The Convocation of Southern California, serving about one-third of the diocese's communicants, had made several attempts at separation. Its latest effort had been thwarted at the General Convention of 1889—a defeat which the Southern Californians tended to credit to their brethren in the northern part of the diocese.¹ Although allowing the passage of a resolution calling for division at the diocesan convention of 1889,² the Northern Convocation had opposed the split, and seemed to feel that a division of the diocese in that time of national economic depression would create a financial hardship. It expressed its doubts that the Southern Convocation could support a bishop,³ an allegation which the South hotly refuted, with the added suggestion that the North was more worried about losing the South's financial support than it was about the welfare of the Church in California.⁴

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¹ See, H. T. Lee [senior warden, St. Paul's Church] to R. W. Kirkham, *et. al.*, Los Angeles, May 15, 1890, TS. copy, Nichols Letter File, Archives of the Diocese of California, San Francisco. [All letters cited below are from this collection, for the use of which the author is indebted to the Rev. Dr. Harold H. Kelley, registrar of the diocese.]

² *Journal of the Thirty-Ninth Annual Convention . . . Diocese of California . . . 1889* (San Francisco: "Pacific Churchman" Press, 1889), 37-39.

³ *Ibid.*, 87-95.

⁴ H. B. Restarick, *Facts Concerning the Proposed Diocese in Southern California* (n. p., [1889?]), 1-8.

Bishop Kip, realizing the need for action, requested his Standing Committee early in 1889 to provide him with an assistant. When it declined to act (on technical grounds), Kip then went before the diocesan convention with his request. This provoked a debate on the floor, into which the question of division was once more injected. Many delegates felt that either an assistant would have to be elected who could help serve Southern California, or that the diocese would have to be split. The North wanted neither, and suggested that Bishop J. H. D. Wingfield of Northern California could help, as he frequently did in those areas adjoining his own jurisdiction.⁵ The convention declined to act, stating that the diocesan constitution did not clearly define the jurisdiction of an assistant bishop, but it did request the Standing Committee to take the necessary legal measures.

On December 31, 1889, the Standing Committee issued a call for a special convention to be held in Trinity Church, San Francisco, on February 5, 1890, for the purpose of electing an assistant bishop.⁶ Although the diocesan convention would regularly meet in May, some ninety days later, the Standing Committee (composed entirely of clergy and laymen of the Northern Convocation) apparently felt a sudden need for speed. To those who pointed to the nearness of the annual convention, they replied that an election always meant a delay of at least four months before the bishop-elect could be consecrated, and (ignoring their performance during 1889) they were merely trying to save time.

The Southern clergy and laity were indignant, and set about at once to organize a protest. In a memorial addressed to the Standing Committee, which must have required a trip rivalling Paul Revere's ride in gathering signatures, the 17 clerical and 23 lay representatives (all but one mission were represented) cited their objections. In addition to complaining that the notice was too short, and that the diocesan convention would be time enough for the election, they cited the hardship of added expense, the hazards of rail travel during this period of floods, and the epidemic of "La Grippe" then prevalent in the North.⁷ The Standing Committee, which apparently received the memorial about January 20, decided that it could not call off the election or change the

⁵ *Journal . . . 1889*, 44, 58, 73-76; see also, Rev. D[ouglass] O. Kelley, *History of the Diocese of California from 1849 to 1914 . . .* (San Francisco: Bureau of Information and Supply, [1915]), 96-98.

⁶ *Journal of the Special Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of California, for the Election of an Assistant Bishop, held in Trinity Church, San Francisco, February 5th and 6th, 1890* (San Francisco: Bacon & Company, [1890]), 7.

⁷ *San Francisco Chronicle*, Feb. 6, 1890.

date because the South had waited until the "last minute" to complain.⁸

Meanwhile, the Northerners had called for a "caucus" of Bay Area clergy (but not laity) on January 20 to consider possible candidates for the new post, a move which was also publicly protested.⁹ Whatever the result of that meeting, it is evident that the Northern clergy had not been idle. In Philadelphia, on January 21, the Rev. Dr. Charles Miel called on the Rev. Dr. William Ford Nichols (1849-1924), rector of St. James' Church of that city. He had received a letter from his son, the Rev. Charles L. Miel, of San Francisco, requesting that he inquire as to Nichols' availability.¹⁰

Nichols, who had served as rector of Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut, from 1877 to 1887 (also lecturing in Church history at the Berkeley Divinity School from 1885 to 1887), had just come to St. James' in that latter year.¹¹ He had declined the post of assistant bishop of the Diocese of Ohio in 1888, following a disputed election there, and evidently felt he should devote himself to his new parish.¹² Nichols did not appear interested in the California nomination except as a "mark of esteem," and requested that his name not be put forward. Dr. Miel wrote his son to this effect on January 22,¹³ and followed this with another note on the 24th emphasizing "that should circumstance require it, you are personally authorized to make known his wish in the matter."¹⁴

The special convention opened as per schedule on February 5, and a roll call of the delegates found a quorum present, although no one from Southern California answered.¹⁵ It was known that Dr. Henry B. Lathrop, lay delegate from San Pedro, was in the city;¹⁶ indeed, he arose later that day to plead for the Southern Convocation: "The notice

⁸ [The Rev.] Frank H. Church [rector of Trinity Parish] to [The Rt. Rev. John Williams, Bishop of Connecticut], San Francisco, Feb. 5, 1890, 6 pp. A. L. S. Nichols had at one time been Bishop Williams' private secretary.

⁹ See, "Open Letter" signed by [the Rev.] John B. Wakefield, rector, Trinity Church, San Jose, Jan. 18, 1890, [*San Jose Mercury*] clipping, Nichols Letter Book.

¹⁰ Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, *Days of My Age . . .* (San Francisco: privately printed, 1923), 89.

¹¹ [Rt. Rev.] Edward L. Parsons, "William Ford Nichols," in, Dumas Malone, et. al., eds., *Dictionary of American Biography* (22 vols., New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1928-1958), XIII (1934), 497-498.

¹² He had requested that his name be removed from the list of nominees at the regular diocesan convention. Due to technicalities, however, he seemed in fact to be elected, and a special convention later confirmed this by unanimous vote. Nichols, 85-86.

¹³ C. Miel to the Rev. C. L. Miel, Philadelphia, Jan. 22, 1890, A. L. S.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Jan. 24th [1890], A. L. S., postmarked Jan. 28.

¹⁵ *Los Angeles Herald, Los Angeles Times*, Feb. 6, 1890.

¹⁶ *San Francisco Chronicle*, Feb. 4, 1890.

of the calling of the convention has been too short; we are poor; we are washed out; we scarcely know which way to turn or what to do."¹⁷ The Rev. Ivan M. Merlin-Jones, of San Bernardino, reportedly was on the floor, but did not answer on orders of the dean of the Southern Convocation, the Rev. Archibald G. L. Trew.¹⁸

The memorial setting forth the South's grievances was read without recorded comment,¹⁹ but not without debate. Dr. Lathrop's defense was challenged by the Hon. John A. Stanly, of Oakland, the chancellor of the diocese, who "rose with something more than ecclesiastical and canonical fire glittering in his eye."²⁰ He charged a conspiracy on the part of the South to prevent the election of an assistant bishop, and ridiculed their excuses with regard to finances, traveling conditions, and the influenza epidemic. [The California newspapers of this era headlined news of storms, epidemics, etc., in other parts of the nation, but tended to suppress similar news in the local area. By cross-checking San Francisco and Los Angeles papers, and by inspecting the financial page freight movements, it appears that rail traffic was very hazardous between Southern California and San Francisco during the first weeks of January; and social notes reveal a significant number of "flu" cases among the "elite" alone.] After further heated exchanges, the convention denied the southern request and proceeded to the nominations.²¹

The Rev. R. C. Foute, a member of the Standing Committee, nominated Nichols, and this was "indorsed" by the president of the committee, the Rev. Dr. H. W. Beers. Miel, according to his own report, attempted to forestall Nichols' nomination, but was ruled out of order.²² That evening he wired Nichols, "My father Dr. Miel writes you direct me not to let your name go before convention for Assistant Bishop, California. You have been nominated. What shall I do? Answer quickly. C. L. Miel."²³

Nichols received this wire at breakfast time the next morning, February 6, along with the morning papers which carried the same news. Counting on the time lag between Philadelphia and San Francisco, he wired Miel at once:

"Telegraph just received, please withdraw my name with expres-

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, Feb. 6, 1890.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ *Journal of Special Convention*, 7.

²⁰ *San Francisco Chronicle*, Feb. 6, 1890.

²¹ *Ibid.*; see also, *Journal of Special Convention*, 7.

²² Miel to Nichols, San Francisco, Feb. 6, 1890, A. L. S. Miel complains that other delegates charged him with "intriguing."

²³ Telegram, Miel to Nichols [copy]; Nichols to Dr. C. Miel, [Philadelphia], Feb. 15, 1890, A. L. S.; Nichols, *Days of My Age* . . . , 90.

sion of my earnest prayers for right judgment and profound sense of honor due me in the nomination. W. [F.] NICHOLS."²⁴

The telegram, however, was not received in San Francisco until 11:50 p.m. on the 8th, and not delivered to Miel until 8 a.m. on Sunday, the 9th.²⁵

Meanwhile, the convention opened its second session on February 6, and completed the nominations, which included Bishops Ethelbert Talbot of Wyoming and Idaho, and W. D. Walker of North Dakota. Miel proceeded to nominate the Rev. Samuel D. McConnell, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia,²⁶ whom his father had recommended as an alternative to Nichols.²⁷ (McConnell received only one vote, presumably Miel's.) Between the first and second ballots on that day, the Rev. Charles F. Loop, of Pomona, became the South's second clerical delegate, and apparently joined the voting along with Dr. Lathrop, who had asked in vain that the election be postponed.²⁸ Nichols received a majority of the votes on the second ballot, and following the customary motion for a unanimous vote, was elected.²⁹ Neither Lathrop nor Merlin-Jones signed the testimonial of election; Loop and one other delegate who apparently appeared later, did. The latter was a layman, R. I. Howitt, from the Church of Our Saviour, San Gabriel (Trew's parish).³⁰

According to his own account, Nichols had gone about his business that day, having dismissed the matter from his mind after wiring Miel, only to find telegrams and reporters waiting for him when he returned to the rectory that evening. It is evident that one of the wires he received was from the Rev. Messrs. R. C. Foute, H. D. Lathrop, and J. Saunders Reed, informing him of his election,³¹ and equally certain that he sent—and they promptly received—one in which he promised "in all ways to look for light to guide [his] action on the question presented for [his] decision."³² The tenor of this telegram apparently came as a surprise to the California clergy, as they were expecting an adverse reply.³³ One can only puzzle over the turn of events which allowed numerous press accounts and other messages to pass both ways over

²⁴ Telegram, Nichols to Miel, Feb. 6 [1890], Nichols Letter File.

²⁵ Miel to Nichols, San Francisco, Feb. 22, 1890, A. L. S.; Nichols, *Days of My Age* . . . , 91.

²⁶ *Journal of Special Convention*, 9-10; *San Francisco Chronicle*, Feb. 7, 1890.

²⁷ C. Miel to C. L. Miel, Philadelphia, Jan. 22, 1890, A. L. S.

²⁸ *Los Angeles Herald*, Feb. 6; *Los Angeles Times*, Feb. 7, 1890.

²⁹ *Ibid.*; *Journal of Special Convention*, 12.

³⁰ *Journal of Special Convention*, 17.

³¹ *Ibid.*, 12; Nichols, 91.

³² The Rev. H. W. Beers to Nichols, St. Helena, Calif., Feb. 9, 1890, A. L. S.; see also, The Rev. R. C. Foute to Nichols, San Francisco, Feb. 7, 1890, A. L. S. The original telegram cannot be found.

³³ Beers to Nichols, Feb. 9, 1890.

the wires on the 6th and 7th, yet hold up Nichols' crucial wire to Miel until the 8th. According to Miel, it had been delayed by snows in the High Sierras;³⁴ and this explanation is also offered by Nichols in his autobiography,³⁵ but he says nothing of the exchange of telegrams with Foute and Beers on the 7th.

Nichols' election was officially and canonically correct, but the South had no intention of leaving it unchallenged. The *Los Angeles Tribune* editorialized on February 6:

The members of the southern part of the State feel that they were ill treated in not being granted a diocese of their own last summer, and much further stretching of the present power of the north will cause an open rebellion.

Southern Episcopalians only asked for what they were justly entitled to, and now, after refusing the request, the north goes forward in a manner indicative of adding insult to injury.³⁶

One of the leading figures in the Southern Convocation's opposition was the Rev. Henry B. Restarick, of San Diego, later to be elected first American Bishop of Honolulu (1902). He wrote Nichols, "Personally, I should like to see you Bishop of California, but that is not the question. [It] is whether we of the South shall assert our manhood and not be trodden upon continually."³⁷

Dean Trew, in a much milder tone, rehearsed the circumstances of Nichols' election,³⁸ and suggested that the bishop-elect decline on principle so that a fully representative election could be held in May.³⁹ Several of the southern laity also wrote Nichols. One, a prominent Los Angeles physician and vestryman of Christ Church, termed the election [with a slight confusion in terms] a "Star Chamber" affair, and accused the North of hastening the balloting.⁴⁰ On the other hand, in the absence of its dissident vestryman, the wardens of Christ Church passed a unanimous resolution of loyalty "despite past occurrences,"⁴¹ and other clergy wrote expressing their satisfaction.⁴² The Rev. Elias Birdsall,

³⁴ Miel to Nichols, Feb. 22, 1890.

³⁵ Nichols, 91.

³⁶ See also, *San Diego Union*, Feb. 7, 1890.

³⁷ Restarick to Nichols, San Diego, Feb. 8, 1890, A. L. S.

³⁸ Trew to Nichols, San Gabriel, Feb. 8, 1890, A. L. S. See also, [The Rev.]

F. J. Mynard to Nichols, Santa Ana, Feb. 9, 1890, A. L. S.

³⁹ Trew to Nichols, San Gabriel, Feb. 13, 1890, A. L. S.

⁴⁰ Arthur E. Gresham to Nichols, Los Angeles, March 25, 1890, A. L. S. See also, George W. Parsons to Nichols, Los Angeles, Mar. 17, 1890, A. L. S.; Daniel Cleveland to Nichols, San Diego, May 10, 1890, A. L. S.

⁴¹ Resolution, April 9, 1890, 1 p. TS., Nichols Letter File.

⁴² [The Rev.] Thomas W. Haskins [rector, Christ Church] to Nichols, Los Angeles, Apr. 10, 1890, A. L. S.; and [The Rev.] B. W. R. Tayler [rector, All Saints' Church] to Nichols, Riverside, Feb. 10, 1890, A. L. S.

who had organized the first parish in Southern California in 1865 (St. Athanasius', Los Angeles), wrote, "Some of the [fiery] brethren cool off after a little, listen to reason & behave themselves."⁴³

Many Northern clergy, of course, wrote their congratulations to Nichols, but were not without objectivity in their appraisals. Probably the most perceptive was that of Miel, who had championed Nichols' cause in the first place:

A leader is wanted to harmonize the diocese politically speaking. In their several fields of personal activity, the clergy of this diocese are as faithful and competent a body of men as you will find, with very few exceptions perhaps, anywhere. But in diocesan politics, in legislating for the diocese, i.e. in Convention [,] their characteristics are more feline and canine than human or Christian.⁴⁴

Foute went at once to Philadelphia to discuss the situation in California with Nichols personally, and presumably to secure his consent to the election. This action, which no doubt had its influence, was also greeted with cynicism by the South. The North, in addition to everything else, was accused of sending "even an ambassador—not, I fear, for Christ—to ensure . . . acceptance."⁴⁵ On March 11, Nichols had apparently made up his mind, and wrote both Trew and Restarick:

Only out of all the perplexing considerations of the great question which I was reluctantly called upon to face—and on all sides of it there were sorely puzzling, conflicting claims of duty—it has been clearly shown me in three weeks of anxious seeking, as I believe by the demonstration of the Holy Spirit, that I must accept the offer which at first I tried to evade.⁴⁶

When the Pacific Coast newspapers announced Nichols' consent on March 17, Restarick wrote him, "I should be telling a falsehood if I said I was glad that you had accepted." Considering the "unjust, unfair, [and] iniquitous" election accomplished by a "caucus," the South was under the impression that he had accepted because of the "ungodly money-bag influence" in the North. After signing this missive, Restarick added a most human postscript: "My wife begs me not to send this, and perhaps I should be wise not to do so."⁴⁷ Years later, when writing his own autobiography at the age of seventy-eight (1932), Restarick omitted all mention of the controversies:

⁴³ Birdsall to Nichols, Los Angeles, Feb. 10, 1890, A. L. S.

⁴⁴ Miel to Nichols, San Francisco, Feb. 22, 1890, A. L. S.

⁴⁵ Gresham to Nichols, Mar. 25, 1890.

⁴⁶ Draft, 11 March 1890, A. L. S. Trew's and Restarick's letters carry the marginal note, "Ans. Mar. 11, 1890," and it is reasonable to assume this letter was directed to them.

⁴⁷ Restarick to Nichols, San Diego, Mar. 18, 1890, A. L. S.

"In 1890, the Rt. Rev. Wm. Ford Nichols was elected Bishop Co-adjutor of California and he was so beloved in the southern part of the state that many Episcopalians did not like the idea of a separation from his oversight."⁴⁸

Following his consecration in Philadelphia on June 24, 1890, Bishop Nichols proceeded to California, and in October visited the southern portion of his new diocese. The diocesan convention of 1891, to the vast pleasure of the South, was held for the first time in Los Angeles, and with the cautious encouragement of the new assistant bishop, the Southern Convocation moved closer to establishment as a separate diocese. In 1893, following the death of Bishop Kip, Nichols succeeded him as diocesan; and in 1895, amid a much more harmonious atmosphere, the South realized its ambitions by forming the Diocese of Los Angeles. Dr. Joseph Horsfall Johnson (1847-1928), rector of Christ Church, Detroit, Michigan, was elected first Bishop of Los Angeles on December 3, 1895, and consecrated, February 24, 1896. Bishop Nichols continued in office as diocesan of California until his death in 1924.

The election came at a crucial time in the history of the Diocese of California. As Restarick commented years later, Kip "was not a modern, progressive bishop, but he was what California needed in the early days."⁴⁹ The "early days," however, were over in 1890; and even the revered Kip realized it and knew he was unable to cope with changing times. Contemporary economic and political differences between the northern and southern halves of the State of California were almost inevitably reflected in the attitudes of the Episcopal clergy; sentiment for a political division of the state had not yet died by any means. The North was conservative and wished to maintain the *status quo* at whatever cost; the South was anxious to be independent even though its financial resources could not match its dreams.

What the South—and, indeed, the historian of 1960—may have considered an "iniquitous" proceeding soon revealed itself to be a most fortunate occurrence for all concerned; for the situation of 1890 required a man of rare insight and diplomacy to hold his diocese together until the time for a division was truly appropriate. One can only speculate on the fortunes of the Diocese of California had Miel received Nichols' telegram in time.

⁴⁸ Rt. Rev. Henry Bond Restarick, *My Personal Recollections . . .*, ed. by Constance Restarick Withington (Honolulu: Paradise of the Pacific Press, [c. 1938]), 195.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, 201.

Along an Ecumenical Way: A Religious Autobiography

By Kendig Brubaker Cully*



NE'S private churchly pilgrimage can scarcely ever be opened fully to public view, let alone ever be fully explained even to oneself, so various are the aspects of it. Yet although one's life is most certainly, in one sense, an entirely personal one, it is nevertheless tied in with others' in such subtle ways that perhaps it does have public as well as private relevance. This is especially true when one thinks of that element in one's life that belongs to Christ. This, of course, means one's *real* life, for to be in Christ is really to possess life in all its effulgent glory. And to the extent that one is in Christ, one is deeply and irrevocably tied in with all others who, too, are in him.

This is by way of preface to what is really a quite unspectacular movement in one's life, a growing more and more fully into Christ. For that is what I must say of my own spiritual pilgrimage. My coming into Anglicanism was not in any sense what I should like to call a "conversion." In fact, I should tend to repudiate the applicability of that term to one's coming into the branch of the Church Universal that we like to think of as in the truest and completest sense Catholic. One is converted from paganism, secularism, or some other religious persuasion into *Christ*. One takes on particular Christian colorations depending on where he happened to be born, into what branch of the Christian Church he happened to be first introduced, and the like, but to be converted means to be led into true relationship with our Lord. That is the one and true conversion in the radical sense of being brought into an awareness of the New Being that now becomes one's central focus for existence.

One does not wish to seem to be setting oneself up as a judge over one's fellow churchmen, but one cannot fail to observe how often ex-Methodists or ex-Congregationalists, or whatnot, talk of their conversion as if it pertained to their entry into the Anglican Communion rather than to their coming into relationship with Christ. We see that often in the theological schools. A very large percentage of candidates for the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. are "converts" in the latter sense, of a change in ecclesiastical relationship. Unlike

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the situation in England where vast numbers of the population are born into families already at least nominally Anglican, the American Episcopal Church is for the most part a relatively small body, numbering only slightly more than three millions of souls. The result is that a considerable number of its accessions of new members year by year are from other Christian bodies. In the seminaries, we find that all too often these new Episcopalians are so happy to have found an overwhelmingly cardinal allegiance to their new-found Church that they want as quickly as possible to forget their former ties. Sometimes they bend over backwards not to betray by word or action that they were ever anything *but* what they now profess, sincerely, to be.

For myself, then, there never was anything of that kind of traumatic experience in terms of a sudden and violent shift of allegiance from what I once was and what I now desired to become. Already, as a child, I had received baptism, and it was that sacrament which made me a member of Christ's Body. I shall never cease to be grateful for the early training in Christianity that was given me by Sunday school teachers and pastors whom I knew as a child in the Pennsylvania community where I grew up. The particular denomination wherein I made my first profession of faith was not mine either by inheritance through family or by deliberate choice on doctrinal grounds on the part of my mother and father. Father had been a Presbyterian as a boy; mother had been a Methodist. When I was born, our family lived in a town where a college of the Evangelical Church was located—Albright, in Myerstown. That denominational college since has been moved to Reading, one of Pennsylvania's larger cities, and the denomination itself has merged with the United Brethren Church into a new denomination now called the Evangelical United Brethren Church. The reason for our attending that church was largely the accidental fact that Myerstown had neither a Presbyterian nor a Methodist church. My parents' friends were largely members of the Evangelical Church, my sister and brother were attending the college—hence we found ourselves caught up in the life of that parish. And there were many good friends in Christ in it.

I suppose that in many ways my family orientation to Christianity was typically American. Everyone knows that American religious life is highly mobile, whether for good or bad. People tend very easily to move from denomination to denomination with rather greater ease than anywhere else in the West. It is noteworthy, perhaps, that among my maternal ancestors were Mennonites in Switzerland and in the settlements of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. (*The Mennonite Dictionary*

lists no less than five Mennonite bishops who bore the name of Brubaker, and I am proud to cite them as ancestors, though I cannot prove direct descent nor could I at this point argue for the apostolicity of their succession!) As I have stated, my mother and father came from Methodist and Presbyterian backgrounds, respectively. And I myself was destined to serve vocationally as a minister of the Congregational churches, and, for three years, as guest minister on the staff of a very large Methodist parish, until finally I was received into the Anglican ministry.

Now I must come to the question as to why and how I took the step toward the Episcopal Church. First, though, let me backtrack briefly to my college years. During college years in Springfield, Massachusetts, I was perhaps typical of Americans in yet another way—I began to get curious about religion in a deeper sense than I had ever known as a boy. I can remember long conversations with fraternity brothers about religion. Among my most intimate friends were a Jew, a nominal Roman Catholic of Italian extraction (who later became a Presbyterian elder), and a Greek Orthodox. There were also various and sundry acquaintances of greater or lesser friendship belonging to the uncommitted or the avowedly secularist segments of society. It was all deliriously exciting. One wanted to learn as much as possible about all these points of view. One visited many churches and not a few conventicles, mostly to observe, seldom to participate. Yet throughout it all, thanks to wholesome childhood foundations, one never really lost his way. One felt himself to be in the mainstream of Christianity, even in the midst of diverse experience.

I had always planned to enter journalism, and fancied myself sometime to be a writer of the news, an observer of the human comedy (or tragedy!). How ever, then, did I find myself enrolled in Hartford Theological Seminary as a candidate for the Bachelor of Divinity degree? Looking back on it all, I am truly convinced of the providential guidance of my life (as of all lives truly rooted in God's purposes). At the time, I think I was mainly merely curious to study more deeply into these religious phenomena that had begun to capture my interest as an undergraduate. But the theological school proved to be more exhilarating than I had ever dreamed, and by the end of my second year there was really no doubt in my mind as to my intention to seek ordination.

It was during my seminary years that I first encountered the Anglican way. For one thing, we had a professor at Hartford named Plato Edwin Shaw, a saintly friend to all the students as well as an authority on patristics and the Eastern Churches. His mother had been

Greek, his father Scottish; he himself was a Methodist minister. Among his courses was one on the Book of Common Prayer; another on the Roman Catholic Church. I enrolled in both of these, with considerable enlargement of my perspective. He approached the Catholic tradition from within, sympathetically, as well as from the standpoint of an onlooker, objectively. I became very much interested in attending Episcopal Church services. I think now it was the beauty and aesthetic excellence of the liturgy that especially attracted me at that time. I would go often to matins at an advanced Anglo-Catholic parish some blocks from the seminary, but more frequently to Christ Church Cathedral downtown, which was less elaborate—typically “Connecticut Churchmanship.” I saw the dean and asked for confirmation. I saw the bishop, who discouraged me from considering the Episcopal ministry, especially when he informed me in no uncertain terms that the first thing I should have to do would be to transfer from undenominational Hartford Seminary to an Episcopal seminary. I had no rootage in the community of the Church; no defender or guide. I was quite happy in my theological studies at Hartford and the decision soon became quite transparent: I should stay on, finish my work there, and enter the ministry of the regnant New England Protestant body, the Congregationalists, whose influence predominated at Hartford.

In retrospect, again, I see the Hand of Providence. For I was very, very happy in my ministry as a Congregationalist. I was entrusted with fine parishes, ranging from the village church in Southwick, Massachusetts, where I was ordained, to five years each at the Melrose Highlands Church in suburban Boston and the First Church of Haverhill. I was deeply involved in the whole life of the denomination, serving as chairman of the board of trustees of the Massachusetts Congregational Conference, and participating as a member of several national committees dealing with intercultural relations and Church and race. I appreciated the freedom of the pulpit and the confidence of my parishioners. I was a kind of “high-church Congregationalist,” as I look back on it, and shared with clerical friends a growing interest in liturgical renewal, a more eucharistically-centered emphasis in worship, though all within the traditions of the New England Congregational way.

I had done my Doctor of Philosophy degree in the field of religious education, and always had thought that sometime I might go into that field professionally. Curiously, after fourteen years’ parish experience, I was given an invitation to join the staff of the famous First Methodist Church of Evanston, Illinois, in the Chicago suburbs. That was going

to prove to be a very enriching experience also. Now I was entering into a new ecumenical dimension. The Evanston parish included in its membership a great many well-known Methodist leaders, and never once was I made to feel other than at one with them in terms of their particular church loyalties, even though I retained my full status as a Congregational minister. I shared in their worship, and administered the bread and the wine.

Meanwhile, due to an unusual circumstance, namely, the highly academic nature of the Evanston community, both my wife and I found ourselves bound up in a renewed interest in theology. Iris, my wife, always had thought she would like to work on her doctorate if we were close enough to a seminary or university. (We had met at Hartford, where she had done a Master's degree in religious education). In Evanston, we not only had a great University (Northwestern) but two theological seminaries—Garrett Biblical Institute (Methodist), and Seabury-Western Theological Seminary (Episcopal). Iris did a full program of study at Garrett and Northwestern, her researches eventuating in her book *The Dynamics of Christian Education*.^{*} I decided to go back to school also for some post-doctoral refreshment on a part-time basis. Accordingly, I enrolled for a Master of Sacred Theology program at Seabury-Western. Both of us spent some tremendously exciting years in reading and theological thinking, a time of renewal and broadening. Increasingly, we were drawn to a more dynamic theology, biblically oriented in a deeper degree than had been our earlier habit, accompanied by a new appreciation for the Church as the essential expression of the *Koinonia* of the living Christ.

Meanwhile, socially we had come to know Dean Alden Drew Kelley and his charming wife, Edna. Our meeting with the Kelleys had ecumenical undertones, also, for Dr. Kelley's first cousin and very dear friend, Hazel Jennings, had been a deaconess in my congregation at Haverhill, and it was that charming Congregational laywoman who introduced us to her relatives in Evanston. Dr. Kelley was dean of Seabury-Western Theological Seminary (he has since been sub-warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, England), and I found myself reading theology with him. I was welcomed into the seminary community as a friend, at times attending evensong in the lovely Chapel of St. John the Divine or hearing some of the outstanding addresses under guest lectureships.

One day Dean Kelley asked me if I might be able to fill in as a

^{*} Westminster Press, 1958.

lecturer in religious education to replace a faculty member who had resigned to take another Church position. This I was happy to do, meanwhile continuing my fulltime work at the First Methodist Church. And this was to eventuate in his asking me several years later if I had ever considered the Episcopal ministry.

That led to some earnest soul-searching—especially since he asked the question so gently and without any element of persuasion. For I had once thought of this possibility, and as I prayed and thought about it more I realized that this indeed was what I really did want to do. For here was a creedal Church that had maintained a strong theological content unbroken across the centuries, a Church that had wide varieties of ceremonial usage, yet one central loyalty (the Book of Common Prayer) for its worship, a Church that combined genuine lay participation in truly democratic fashion with a centralized authority as represented in the historic episcopate. Furthermore, had I not already been confirmed in one moment of insight years before? And was it not really entering into the fullness of the Church without in any sense having to turn my back on friends and loyalties that had sustained me so admirably in Christ through all the preceding years of my childhood, youth, and vocation in the Congregational ministry? It was a human medium through which the question was presented to me by God—and it was a human friend who not only asked the question but proceeded to facilitate the change by putting me into touch with a most understanding bishop, the late Stephen Edwards Keeler of Minnesota, and arranging for my appointment to a post of continuing usefulness in my new ministry. Iris joined me in this step, both by sympathetically endorsing the decision I was making and by herself kneeling to receive Bishop Keeler's imposition of hands in confirmation, in the very same Chapel of St. John the Divine where I was to receive the laying on of hands for the diaconate. Six months later, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist in St. Paul, Minnesota, I was priested.

It was a moving experience for me to celebrate the Holy Communion according to the Book of Common Prayer for my first time in the Seminary Chapel. We departed immediately afterwards for seven months in Europe. The second time I celebrated the Eucharist was in the ancient crypt chapel of Canterbury Cathedral while visiting St. Augustine's College in one of the summer terms.

This has been, as I stated at the outset, a quite unspectacular pilgrimage. I can honestly say that it has not been a soul-searing experience at any stage of the journey. I feel that God has been good to me beyond

any of my deserving. He has guided me every step of the way; even when I have forgot to seek him overtly, he has tended me and led me covertly.

Since I have come into Anglicanism as the fulfillment and ultimate enrichment of a Christian profession I have never really forsaken since childhood, I can only pray and work the more earnestly for the welfare of the whole state of Christ's Church; for in Christ we are one even though scandalously we are divided into sects, parties and denominations. I feel that Anglicanism is not so much something to which the rest of Christendom needs to be *converted* as a gift through which God is calling to all Christians to rediscover one another in Christ's fullness. We should not so much seek to hoard this gift—for thus we could lose it—as to share it through every possible channel of communication with our brethren of the divided Church.

Current Books in Church History*

By Powel M. Dawley†

RECENT months have seen the publication of a number of books in sixteenth-century history. A. G. Dickens' *Lollards and Protestants in the Diocese of York 1509-1558* (Oxford Press) sheds considerable light on the somewhat obscure story of heresy in England in the years immediately before the Reformation, and the problem of its relation to late medieval Lollardy. Dom David Knowles' *The Religious Orders in England: The Tudor Age* (Cambridge Press) is the third and concluding volume of his masterly study of the history of the monastic life in England. Professor Knowles deals judiciously and objectively with the dissolution of the religious orders and the fortunes of the dispossessed religious. While his conclusions do not differ substantially from those of Geoffrey Baskerville, the wealth of detail and documentation makes this volume likely to be the definitive study of the subject. Equally readable is Garret Mattingly's *The Armada* (Houghton Mifflin), a fascinating portrayal of the famous "Catholic Enterprise" against England that was perhaps the most enthralling drama of the Elizabethan Age.

An earlier chapter of English history is covered in the latest volume of the Oxford History of England, *The Fourteenth Century 1307-1399* (Oxford Press) by May McKisack, while valuable studies of later Anglican Church history include two books dealing chiefly with events and movement in the eighteenth century: S. C. Carpenter's *Eighteenth Century Church and People* (J. Murray), and Norman Sykes' *From Sheldon to Secker: Aspects of English Church History, 1660-1768* (Cambridge Press).

A. Tindal Hart has added another volume to his earlier studies of the English clergy, this time a general survey entitled *The Country Priest in English History* (Phoenix House). Of considerable popular interest is a group of lectures dealing with relations between the English Church and the Continent at various periods from Saxon times to the present day, *The English Church and the Continent*, ed. C. R. Dodwell

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(Faith Press). Among the distinguished contributors are Professor Knowles, W. A. Pantin, Owen Chadwick and Dean Sykes.

Biographies of note include Charles Smyth's *Cyril Foster Garbett, Archbishop of York* (Hodder and Stoughton), E. W. Kemp's *The Life and Letters of Kenneth Scott Kirk, Bishop of Oxford 1937-1954*, and C. H. Lawrence's *St. Edmund of Abingdon* (Oxford Press). Roberto Ridolfi's *Life of Girolamo Savonarola* (Routledge, Kegan and Paul), and M. de la Bedoyere's *Francois de Sales* (Collins) should also be mentioned.

Two studies of Roman Catholicism are well worth attention: *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View*, edited by Philip Scharper (Sheed and Ward), and Walther von Loewenich's *Modern Catholicism*, translated by R. H. Fuller (Macmillan). The latter is an absorbing study of post-Tridentine Roman Catholicism and the salient features of modern Romanism.

Other subjects of importance in various areas of Church history have been treated in *The Council of Florence* by Joseph Gill (Cambridge Press); *The Greek East and the Latin West: A Study in the Christian Tradition* by P. Sherrard (Oxford Press); and *The Transcendentalist Ministers: Church Reform in the New England Renaissance* (Yale Press).

Book Reviews

I. American, Anglican, and General Church History

History of the Diocese of Massachusetts, 1810-1872. By Joseph Breed Berry. Published by the Diocese of Massachusetts, 1959.

The last few years have been marked by the production of a very considerable number of diocesan histories. But it is a curious fact that while comparatively new and small dioceses have been written up, some of our oldest and largest ones still lack such a history. New York has only an old and bad one; Pennsylvania has none at all. This volume is the first attempt, since the appearance, decades ago, of Calvin R. Batchelder's *The History of the Eastern Diocese*, to fill the need for Massachusetts. As its dates indicate, it is only a torso, the author having died before it was completed. This fact must be borne in mind in judging the work.

Mr. Berry was obviously a competent and thorough researcher. Every statement of fact is carefully documented. His writing is not quite up to his research. Anyone who attempts to write a diocesan history is faced with a dilemma. He may become so bogged down in the details of the parishes which make up the diocese that his work becomes merely a storehouse of miscellaneous facts. Or he may avoid this by concentrating on the largest aspects, and become superficial. Mr. Berry tends toward the first.

However, the book does, in spite of its unwieldy mass of detail, achieve a real picture of the diocese. He points out clearly that the Church in this diocese was largely lay controlled, and that the laity were almost wholly parochial in their viewpoint. And he has a rather subtle sense of humor, as the following quotation indicates:

"Although the Book of Common Prayer set the form of worship, and although the bishop made his annual visitations, the polity of the Church in Massachusetts was predominantly congregational or a kind of home rule. In securing aid for Christ Church outside the membership of the diocese, the Harvard Corporation was 'disposed to concur in the measure, and give aid as far as in their power.' This response rested on the belief that to the extent the Church was good for the community, it was good for Harvard and vice versa."

The final chapter is a fine statement of the character of the Church in the diocese during the period covered by this history, a careful assessment of its faults and virtues, and a clear indication of what the book might have been had the author lived to work it over.

GEORGE E. DEMILLE

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American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View. By Stringfellow Barr, Robert McAfee Brown, Arthur Cohen, Rabbi Arthur Gilbert, Martin Marty, Allyn Robinson. With an afterword by Gustave Weigel, S.J. Edited by Philip Scharper. New York (Sheed & Ward) 1959. pp. VIII + 235. \$3.75.

This is a most original and interesting contribution to the inter-faith dialogue. Four Protestant and two Jewish authors, each of whom has the literary credit authorizing him to participate in such a discussion, were invited by a Roman Catholic publishing house to contribute; the editor and the epilogist are Roman Catholics too. The result is a collection of attempts at a just estimate of the position of Roman Catholicism in America, combining fair criticism with positive ideas and suggestions for "fruitful interplay" (p. 35) between the diverse communities. This frank and courteous discussion of deeply rooted differences is refreshing, and deserves the attention of everybody concerned with interdenominational relations, and certainly of every minister in a responsible position.

Every reader will have his preference for one or the other of these six essays. Since the authors wrote independently of each other, there are some overlappings, and also considerable differences in approach to the subject.

The present reviewer found Professor Brown's contribution the most rewarding one: a clear and comprehensive presentation of "The Issues which Divide us," i.e., Protestants and Catholics. This essay discusses a.o. the controversial points in the quest for authority and the problem of religious liberty in Protestant and Roman Catholic opinion; it demonstrates in this latter field certain differences within the Roman Catholic camp. None of the participants of the symposium is optimistic about the possibility of "organic relationship" of the Churches, but most of them agree on the desirability of continuing the dialogue. Brown's article is a fine example of the combination of candid criticism and understanding charity.

Father Weigel's brief "Postscript" is not meant to be the answer to the essayists, which probably will come somewhere else. The Postscript points in the same direction as the essays: towards an attempt at mutual understanding by continued discussion. Beyond this, in a very interesting brief passage (p. 233), Father Weigel advocates some active participation of Roman Catholics in the Ecumenical Movement.

RICHARD G. SALOMON.

Bexley Hall,
Gambier, Ohio.



Missionaries, Chinese and Diplomats: The American Protestant Missionary Movement in China, 1890-1952. By Paul A. Varg. Princeton University Press, 1958. Pp. 335. \$6.00.

Dr. Varg states that he "approached the subject as an outsider to

the enterprise, as one primarily interested in Sino-American diplomatic relations, and as a curious investigator anxious to know more about what happens when representatives of one society try to solve the problems of another society." An associate professor of history at Ohio State University, he based his study on archival material of the missionary organizations and the Department of State, as well as on hundreds of books and articles by missionaries.

After devoting two chapters to a summary of the history and spirit of the missionary movement in China from 1830 to 1890, the author concentrates on the period 1890 to 1952, because it was during these years that the missionaries made their major effort. He looks at the history of missions in China as a problem in the relationship between two basically different cultures. His central interest is in something broader than the missionary movement, namely, the difficulties experienced in the attempt to export American ideology into an Oriental culture. The sense of cultural superiority which marked many an American missionary could easily move over into a sense of racial superiority, and when this happened the Chinese resented it cordially. "The suspicion of the native, bred of arrogance, was the very essence of the imperialism so hated by the Chinese, whether it appeared in the smugness of the diplomat or the pious expressions of concern of the missionary."

Until the end of the nineteenth century, missionary work in China would have been impossible without the treaties, imposed by force. The author contrasts clearly the missionaries' demand for strict adherence to these treaties in the 1890's, and their willingness to abandon such protection, beginning in 1924.

The book as a whole is carefully planned and meticulously documented. Dr. Varg's concluding chapters, "Towards the Bamboo Curtain" and "Unto the Chinese Foolishness," describing the deterioration of the missionary situation between 1940 and 1952, are the best written.

"Good will was not enough. The American missionary movement and the official Far Eastern policy of the American government had failed because they did not offer solutions to the problems faced by a society in the process of disintegration and collapse. The Communists had triumphed because no one else had really seriously worked at a solution of the economic and social problems faced by a nation in despair, and in a mood of desperation the Chinese were ready and willing to try Communism. . . . However noble Christianity might be, it could not hope to persuade those who saw in it a body of precepts unrelated to their own needs and aspirations."

To any Episcopal reader, this volume is a sobering and humbling experience. The only indexed reference to the Episcopal Church cites work attempted in Batavia in 1835! There are passing references to three of its missionaries: the Rev. Arthur M. Sherman, the Rev. John Magee and Mr. Harley F. McNair. The Rev. Fred Hughes, an Anglican, is also mentioned. Boone College is referred to, but St. John's University, Shanghai, is not.

Strange errors mar the book, indicating careless editing. "The Methodist Bishop of Kentucky, T. U. Dudley" is of course none other than our own Thomas Underwood Dudley, the distinguished Bishop of Kentucky from 1884 to 1904. The spelling "Hong Kong" (which is correct) becomes "Hongkong" a few pages later. A quote from Pastor Fang on page 35 is repeated on page 100. Wallace G. Merwin, a Presbyterian missionary, becomes Wallace C. Merwin a few lines below. Admittedly such errors do not invalidate the author's major position, but they do serve to annoy his readers.

C. RANKIN BARNES.

*Church Missions House,
New York, New York.*



The Anglican Communion: Past and Future. By Gerald Ellison. Greenwich: The Seabury Press, 1960. Pp. 92. \$2.00.

This slender book gives opportunity for a larger public to read the five excellent lectures delivered by the Bishop of Chester in April 1959 at St. John's Church, Detroit, in celebration of the centennial of that parish. These are the first of The McMath Lectures, sponsored by the Diocese of Michigan.

The author announced and reached a clear cut goal.

"My objective was to express in a very small compass the splendor of the Anglican Communion in its Catholic and Reformed tradition. . . . These lectures are a thank-offering to Almighty God for having given to me the great privilege of membership in that branch of His Holy Catholic Church, the Anglican Communion, which I firmly believe to be nearer to the will of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, than any other part of Christendom."

Three lectures are devoted to the origins, foundations and world-wide expansion of the Anglican Communion. While somewhat sketchy, they bring into swift review the great essentials. Hence, they provide a broad base for the author's discussion of future opportunities and problems and for his personal analysis of the character of the Anglican Communion. The bishop's effective mingling of personal witness and deep devotion is particularly evident in these concluding chapters.

This reviewer of this pleasant and modest volume agrees cordially with the hope expressed by the Bishop of Michigan in a brief foreword that it will be "used for class study and confirmation instruction in parishes and missions throughout the Church."

C. RANKIN BARNES.

*Church Missions House,
New York, New York.*



A History of the Christian Church. By Williston Walker. Revised by Cyril C. Richardson, Wilhelm Pauck, Robert T. Handy, of Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York (Charles Scribner's Sons) 1959. Pp. xiv + 585. \$5.50.

Classics of Protestantism. Edited by Vergilius Ferm. New York, Philosophical Library, 1959. Pp. ix + 587. \$10.

Textbooks and sourcebooks belong together. So these two books, published at one and the same time, can well be discussed together.

Walker's has been the most popular of all American textbooks of Church history for over forty years. Now it appears for the first time in a revised edition. Of the three editors, the first two, who have taken charge of the earlier parts of the book up to the Reformation period, have decided on a very conservative treatment of Walker's text. Of course, the necessary changes have generally been made: the Dead Sea Scrolls are discussed, the results of modern research on the origin of Christian festivals and on Iconoclasm have found consideration, Christian humanism is better presented than in the old text; the chapter on Anabaptism is considerably enlarged.

However, the section on Gnosticism is reproduced from Walker's original text with only one slight change in its wording—and unfortunately with a misprint which transforms Simon Magus into a Simon Magnus—and hints at the recent discoveries only in a footnote, although the bibliography lists some of the important new studies in the field. Some detail of little importance which could well have been discarded, is carried on. Was it necessary, e.g., to keep the dry enumeration of Renaissance artists (p. 282)? A few changes could have been made. The *Bazaar* of Nestorius is today hardly a "recent" discovery as it was when Walker wrote (p. 133). The ugly Americanism "Holy Roman Emperor" should not have passed uncorrected. Almost every student uses the formula, but there never was such a person. The emperor was *Romanorum imperator*; his empire, not he, was "holy."

The last part of the book (Modern Christianity) required, of course, a less conservative treatment. Professor Handy has rearranged and enlarged it freely. Two useful new chapters have been added: on the Eastern Church and on the Ecumenical Movement. American Church history gets more attention and space than in the old text.

There is a peculiarly rewarding pleasure in an exact comparison of the old and the new text. In the new edition, Thomas Paine's work is "militant and passionate"; Walker had called it "brutal and savage." Hegel's former "profundity" is now "breadth." Walker used the word "Romanizing" in his characterization of the Oxford Movement; not so the new edition.

This new edition will certainly secure the popularity of the book for some time to come.

Whether Professor Ferm's book can achieve the same, seems doubtful. A comparison of numbers of pages and of list prices given at the head of this review will show the reason for this doubt. This source book differs from the usual anthology. Instead of offering a great number of specimens and snippets from many sources, it presents a selection of extensive pieces from less than twenty outstanding authors. The concept of Protestantism is taken in its widest sense. Beginning with the medieval *Theologia Germanica*, which had a strong influence on Luther, and ending with Karl Barth, the book presents many facets of Protestantism: Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Schleiermacher, Kierkegaard, Rauschenbusch and several others. Minds as far apart as Jonathan Edwards and Ellery Channing appear here, almost dramatically, side by side. The book can be used, as Dr. Ferm evidently planned it, for collateral reading in history courses; but it is also a stimulating subject for browsing. It contains some texts not easily accessible now outside of large libraries.

RICHARD G. SALOMON.

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II. Biblical History

The History of Israel. By Martin Noth. New York, Harpers, 1958. Pp. 479. \$7.50.

Martin Noth is among the most eminent of present-day Biblical scholars in Germany—a disciple of Albrecht Alt, whose combination of archaeological, geographical and form-critical method has in the past generation almost completely transformed the study of the Old Testament. Noth has previously published many monographs and briefer studies dealing with particular aspects of the history of Israel, and in the present work gathers together in a comprehensive synthesis the fruits of a lifetime of concentration upon the subject. It is not a new book except in its English dress, the first German edition having been published in 1950, but the translation (unfortunately rather a poor one) now makes Noth's point-of-view available to those who lack either the ability or the patience to deal with the original.

The novel theses of the author are found chiefly in the first 150 pages, which deal with the origins of the people of Israel and their establishment of dominion over the land of Canaan. It is his belief that "Israel," as a community, originated only in Canaan; the stories in the Pentateuch, which seem to trace its beginnings to Sinai or Egypt or even to some more remote period, are simply a conflation of traditions connected originally with particular tribes or groups of tribes. "Israel" came into existence as the amalgamation of a large group of formerly independent tribal units into a sacred league, or "amphictyony," having its center at a common sanctuary, probably Shechem. Obviously, this theory involves almost complete skepticism with regard to the historical value (in the usual sense of the term) of the traditions now recorded in

the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. From the establishment of the monarchy to the end of the Old Testament period, Noth's book is much more conventional, for obvious reasons, but is valuable for its utilization of the latest archaeological data and the results of scientific research in the remarkably productive generation which followed the publication of the last great works on the history of Israel.

While Noth's work is immensely stimulating and based upon an enormous amount of meticulous study, it cannot be recommended to the ordinary reader without qualification, since Old Testament scholars outside of Germany have not been entirely convinced by his arguments, and are not inclined to follow him in his almost complete skepticism with regard to the early traditions of Israel. The book must, therefore, be regarded as a work eccentric, for all its brilliance, to the main stream of contemporary Old Testament scholarship. The non-specialist will do better with such a work as John Bright's even more recent *History of Israel* (1959), which, while taking full account of Noth's arguments, arrives at much more conservative conclusions.

ROBERT C. DENTAN.

*General Theological Seminary,
New York City.*



Forerunners of Jesus. By Leroy Waterman. New York, Philosophical Library, 1959. Pp. 156.

In spite of the author's considerable use of the Dead Sea Scrolls, his voice is one from a now distant past, in which the religion of the Bible could be discussed simply in terms of evolutionary naturalism, and its highest values summarized under the rubric of "ethical monotheism." No one will wish to question the depth of Dr. Waterman's scholarship (he is retired professor of Semitic Languages at the University of Michigan and one of the able translators of the "American Version" of the Bible), but it is evident that the winds of contemporary Biblical-theological study have swept by him without ruffling a hair.

The central thesis of the book is that Jesus was simply an ethical teacher, the lineaments of whose countenance have been obscured by the veils of Messianism, Apocalypticism, and ecclesiasticism, which his disciples draped over him. Originally a disciple of John the Baptist, who was himself an aberrant member of the Qumran community, Jesus eventually broke with the pessimistic apocalypticism of his master, but was stimulated by John's ethical enthusiasm to make an independent investigation into the teachings of the great Old Testament prophets and to formulate his own prophetic message on the basis of this study. The extent to which the teaching of Jesus depends upon the prophetic books has been obscured for us by the failure of Christians to comprehend the greatness of II Isaiah, who first formulated the three-fold belief in (1) a universal ethical God, (2) the servant mission of Israel (represented paradigmatically by the life of Jeremiah, who is the "suffering servant"

of chap. 53), and (3) universal salvation in an earthly kingdom of God. Jesus' only originality lay in the application of these prophetic principles to individual human life.

No one can *prove* that this view of the significance of Jesus is false; it still remains true that, in spite of the author's impressive learning, his reconstruction is essentially novelistic (in the style of George Moore's *The Brook Kerith*) rather than scientific, and is unlikely to win many adherents.

ROBERT C. DENTAN.



Ancient Judaism and the New Testament. By Frederick C. Grant. New York, Macmillan, 1959. Pp. 155. \$3.50.

In approaching Prof. Grant's interesting study of the relation between early Christianity and the Judaism of the New Testament period, the reader should be aware that it is a polemical as well as an historical work. The author is concerned not merely to exhibit the intimate interconnection between the two religions, but to instill in his Christian readers a profound respect for the spiritual elevation of Judaism and a desire to investigate it seriously as the matrix within which their own religion was formed. Grant misses few opportunities to fire a shot at those who trace the distinctive elements in Christianity to the ancient pagan mysteries, or those who emphasize the apocalyptic strain in the Gospels to the disadvantage of those features which connect them with the normative religion of the synagogue; and he attacks with equal relish contemporary theologians who minimize the value of historical scholarship and would convert the Christian religion into a kind of existential Gnosticism. These polemical forays in no way invalidate the author's historical thesis or diminish the value of his book, but rather add a touch of piquancy to the sauce.

The book is divided into four parts, the first and last of which have to do with the present situation in theology and with the relevance to New Testament scholarship of scientific investigation into the forms of ancient Jewish thought, while the middle sections deal respectively with the institutions and ideas of Judaism and with its contributions to New Testament religion. These two sections are abundantly furnished with factual information and quotations, especially from liturgical sources. Certainly no reader who studies this part of the book will be able to hold fast to the familiar stereotype of Tannaitic Judaism as a religion of barren formalism, devoid of beauty, heartfelt piety, or deep ethical concern. It is Prof. Grant's conviction, carefully documented and eloquently argued, that Christianity should affectionately acknowledge herself to be the legitimate daughter of Judaism rather than act like an ungrateful stepchild.

ROBERT C. DENTAN.



The Historical Background of the Dead Sea Scrolls. By Cecil Roth. New York, Philosophical Library, 1959. Pp. 87. \$4.75.

Cecil Roth, and his colleague G. R. Driver, has for some time maintained a minority opinion with regard to the group which produced the Dead Sea Scrolls and the circumstances which occasioned their writing. The present essay is an attempt to defend at some length the hypothesis that the Scrolls reflect the point of view and historical experiences of the Zealots at the time of the Roman War around the year 70 A.D. rather than those of the Essenes during the first century and a half before the Christian era, as is the opinion of the overwhelming majority of scholars who have studied the material. Central to Roth's thesis is the identification of the "Teacher of Righteousness" with the Zealot leader, Menahem ben Judah, who, according to Josephus, suffered death at the hands of the agent of a "Wicked Priest" in the autumn of 66 A.D., or with his kinsman and successor, Eleazar ben Jair, who was also persecuted, but escaped and died later at the siege of Masada. While this book is not, as the title might suggest, a general introduction to the historical *milieu* of the Dead Sea Scrolls, it is a scholarly and stimulating brief in defense of the author's thesis. If (as is unlikely) his views should ever come to command general acceptance, the controversy as to the influence of the Scrolls on the New Testament would be brought to a sudden end, since the Scrolls would be later than the creative New Testament age. Roth himself suggests that whatever slight influence there may have been was in a reverse direction.

ROBERT C. DENTAN.



The Prophets of Israel. By C. Ross Milley. New York, Philosophical Library, 1959. Pp. 143. \$3.75.

In a field where there are already so many first-rate books, there seems to be no reason why another one should be published unless it exhibits some unusual qualities in the way of original interpretation, theological penetration or literary grace. The present book is merely a workmanlike job by a scholarly parish clergyman, who gives his readers a clear though conventional account of the life and teaching of the prophets in the context of the religious history of Israel, as that was interpreted by the great critical scholars of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Unfortunately, there are so many better books on the subject that Dr. Milley's work is not likely to be widely used.

R.C.D.



Teaching the Old Testament. By O. J. Lace. Greenwich, Seabury, 1959. \$1.65.

Clergy, whose seminary training left them unconvinced as to the value of Old Testament studies, will find in this pamphlet an effective

stimulus toward re-opening the question. It is intended chiefly as a guide to those entrusted with the instruction of adults, but is also of value in providing the general reader, either clerical or lay, with a readable introduction to the new and broader perspectives of contemporary Old Testament scholarship. R.C.D.



Moses and Egypt. By Henry S. Noerdlinger. Los Angeles, University of Southern California Press, 1956. Pp. 202.

This is a truly astonishing piece of work, and will be of interest even to those who regard Cecil B. DeMille and his movie "The Ten Commandments" with something less than religious awe. It is a research manual, designed to be used in the production of the picture, which gathers together a vast amount of scientific information about life and history in the "Mosaic" age, i.e., the age of Rameses I and II, covering such subjects as transportation, sculpture and painting, building, dress, jewelry, food and entertainment. Every statement is carefully documented by page references to respectable authorities. The part which deals with the Biblical materials is, as might be expected, rather uncritical, but even this contains a great deal of interesting information on the Hebrew traditions and their later elaboration. As a reference work, the book is deserving of utmost praise; the effect it had on the typical Hollywood minds who produced the picture is a subject perhaps better left unexplored. R.C.D.



The Wisdom of the Torah. Edit. by Dagobert D. Runes. New York, Philosophical Library, 1956. Pp. 300. \$5.00.

It is hard to understand why anyone should be willing to pay this exorbitant price for a book which consists of nothing more than didactic excerpts from the Old Testament, printed substantially without introduction or comment. R.C.D.



What Everyone Should Know about Judaism. By Morton M. Applebaum. New York, Philosophical Library, 1959. Pp. 83. \$3.00.

Rabbi Applebaum has produced a useful little book for Gentiles who are interested in contemporary Judaism and who wish to have in convenient form explanations of puzzling Jewish terms or institutions. There are brief explanations of familiar rites such as Bar Mitzvah, Purim, Rosh Hashonah, Kaddish, as well as of Jewish beliefs with respect to God, the Messiah, immortality, etc., and literary terms such as Torah, Megillos, Mishnah, Midrash and Zohar. The book would be even more useful if it were published as a pamphlet and sold at a reasonable price. R.C.D.

III. Theology and Philosophy

The Reality of the Church. By Claude Welch. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958. 254 pp. \$3.95.

One of the most serious problems in all discussions of the nature of the Church of Christ, and *a fortiori* in discussions between "Protestant" and "Catholic" Christians on this subject, is the seeming contradiction between the "eschatological" view of the Church, which is generally held by modern Protestants, and the "ontological" view, which is generally held by modern Catholics. Professor Welch of the Yale Divinity School attempts in this fascinating and beautifully written book to get behind this seeming contradiction to a view of the Church which will be Biblical, and hence both "eschatological" and "ontological." In my judgment, he largely succeeds in his efforts.

The Church is "the people of God," called by him to be his, but it takes the "form of the Servant" since it is Christ's Church. It is Christ's Body and his Bride, but it is a Church which is, so to say, "on pilgrimage" towards "the end." It is always being "reformed under God" while it is always established in the divine purpose and is the reality of our participation in the life of God in the Incarnate Lord.

One of the best sections of the book is the excellent discussion of the Christological background of the Church and its analogies with ecclesiology. Dr. Welch criticizes—in my view, quite rightly—the tendency to an impersonal, universal manhood in Christ; he comes down squarely on the side of the Antiochenes, who insisted on the reality of the man Jesus assumed by the Word of God. This has its implications for Church doctrine, since it is reflected in the "election" or "calling" of Christ's people, the Church, and avoids a kind of ecclesiological monophysitism which is always the danger of too excessive an emphasis on the divine nature of the Body of Christ. On the other hand, in taking *this* Man into union with himself, God the Word (because of the "participation" which follows from human solidarity) also takes all men, in principle, into such union. And this too has its ecclesiological analogue, too obvious to point out here.

Dr. Welch's discerning study will help us to understand each other and will do much to get us back to the essential foundations in Christ himself, upon which any sound view of the Church must be built.

W. NORMAN PITTENGER.

*General Theological Seminary,
New York City.*



Answers to Laymen's Questions. By James P. DeWolfe, Bishop of Long Island. New York, Morehouse-Barlow Co. \$4.00.

This sort of rapid fire instruction is very popular with lay people, and justly so. The questions are culled from many questions actually submitted at various schools of religion which the author has conducted.

Some are silly questions, due to the fact that there are silly people in the world. But most are sensible, and Bishop DeWolfe's answers are clear, and usually based on Prayer Book authority. He is sometimes perhaps more dogmatic than is quite justifiable, but that is a fault inseparable from this type of book. I note, however, that in regard to questions about the historicity of the Old Testament, he is inclined to hedge. And, on page 43, he dogmatically states, "Man's soul and spirit are quite distinct." On page 53, he is equally certain that "The soul is a spirit." Take your choice; your guess is as good as his. On the whole, it is an excellent and useful book.

GEORGE E. DEMILLE.

*All Saints' Cathedral,
Albany, New York.*



Is Death the End? By Carroll E. Simcox. Greenwich, Conn., Seabury Press, 1959. 96 pp. \$2.25.

Dr. Simcox has written a number of stimulating little books on creed, sacraments, worship, and Christian life. Here he adds to his list an equally stimulating volume on the Christian "hope of immortality." Dr. Simcox rightly indicates that for the Christian, it is not immortality as such but resurrection of the whole personality, which is our hope beyond death. There is a becoming modesty in Dr. Simcox's treatment, since he is happily not one of those who think that all is plain and clear about these matters; on the other hand, he has many penetrating comments to make on the relation of the Christian hope to the day-by-day life we know in this present world. The only criticism one might offer is that he is perhaps a little too ready to take the narratives of our Lord's Resurrection at their face value, without due regard to the Christological and apologetical intent which unquestionably governed both their compilation and presentation. Many clergy will find this a useful book to have available in their parish libraries.

W. NORMAN PITTENGER.

*General Theological Seminary,
New York City.*



God in Us. By Miles Lowell Yates. Greenwich, Conn., The Seabury Press, \$4.25.

Miles Lowell Yates (1890-1956) was chaplain of the General Theological Seminary from 1940 until his death. He was also associate professor of Greek there in his later years. It is said that his personal influence upon the students was exceptional.

Fr. Yates was graduated from Columbia University in 1912, and from the General Seminary in 1914. In the latter year, he was ordered

deacon, and in 1915, priest, by Bishop Richard H. Nelson of Albany. In 1927, he married Marjorie Ellinor Fell Marsh.

After a rectorship of fifteen years, 1918-1933, at Christ Church, Cooperstown, New York, he served for six years as chaplain and professor at Bard College, 1933-1939. He came to the General Seminary from the staff of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Kenneth Kirk, the late Bishop of Oxford, was the 20th century leader in the renewal of the study and practice of moral theology in the Anglican Church. Fr. Yates has done much the same for ascetic theology in the American Episcopal Church.

Without the study and practice of ascetic theology, it is not surprising that alcoholism and various other psychiatric problems get a grip on many of the clergy and laity alike—and their wives! This book, *God in Us*, can be helpful to all of us as a bedside companion, and for use in meditation.

FRANCIS J. BLOODGOOD.

*Trinity Church,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.*



Christian Proficiency. By Martin Thornton. New York, Morehouse-Barlow Co. \$2.75.

The author was reared in a devout family, but refused to be confirmed in his school days. He turned to farming. At the age of twenty-eight, he began to sense a vocation for the priesthood. The theme of this book is that our Lord not only loved his disciples, he trained them. I like his summary that "Anglican tradition looks on confession as a complete act of homage, humility, and love; it is not a legalistic haggle leading to an easy acquittal." He continues,

"Perhaps the best of all reasons in favour of sacramental confessional is simply 'why not?.' It is just a little silly, and flagrantly inefficient, to cut the lawn with nail scissors when God can take the trouble to supply a very workmanlike power mower."

A careful reading of this book, and frequent loaning, might reduce the nervous breakdowns among us, clerical and lay alike.

FRANCIS J. BLOODGOOD.



The Ladder of Temptations. By Harold Blair, Canon of Salisbury. The Bishop of London's Book for Lent, 1960. Longmans, Green, \$1.75.

The Bishop of London says this small book deserves meditation because the author has an original mind. Canon Blair seeks to relate our daily temptations to the temptations of our Lord in the wilderness. Canon Blair has served the Church in Africa, and his imagination dwells on African stories as illustrations.

I regret to state that I find the book weak in the author's hold on

the Incarnation. He appears to slide off into sentimental meanderings. To my mind, the weakness of the book is found on page 25, where Canon Blair writes, "He (our Lord) was concerned not that men should lead a good life, but that they should aim at a perfect one."

FRANCIS J. BLOODGOOD.



Selected Writings of St. Peter Damian. New York, Harpers, \$5.00.

This book is for those somewhat advanced. It is one in a series of *Classics of the Contemplative Life*.

St. Peter Damian (1007-1072) lived in the first three-quarters of the eleventh century. He was born in Ravenna, of a large family, the youngest, and there were complaints that the family could not afford to feed another mouth. He was educated at Parma, where he was trained in grammar, rhetoric and law, but decided against worldly studies.

About 1035, he entered a hermitage near Gubbio, in Umbria. He advocated reforms, denounced the vices of the clergy, and was the trusted adviser to several popes. In 1057, he became cardinal bishop of Ostia, and two years later, presided at the Council of Milan. As papal legate to Germany (1069), he persuaded Emperor Henry IV to give up the idea of divorcing his wife, Bertha.

He was politically innocent enough to think the pope and emperor could work together for the true life of the Church. As his efforts failed, he wrote "My mind, overshadowed by the darkness of worldly affairs, endeavors in vain to reach the heights of contemplation." The writings try to combine the balanced thought of St. Augustine with voices crying in the wilderness, such as St. Jerome's.

FRANCIS J. BLOODGOOD.



The Church and Secular Education. By Lewis Bliss Whittemore. Greenwich, The Seabury Press, 1960. 130 pp. \$3.25.

Bishop Whittemore believes that the educational philosophers and practitioners of our country have built up the public school system as if they were possessed of a "messianic complex." He thinks that curriculum has been cluttered up with irrelevancies; that the school has usurped the functions of other agencies in the community, such as Church and home; that the progressivist tendencies in modern education have replaced secular goals for truly humane (in the classical sense of humanism) goals. In short, he belongs to the traditionalist or essentialist or realist (call it what you will) school of thought.

The author recognizes that the Church is partly to blame for what he considers this lamentable state of affairs, since the Church long ago abrogated its proper sphere of concern for the education of the young, turning this over to the state. He feels, also, that the Church ought to restake its claim for more of the child's time in the educative process.

What he comes out with is the recommendation that the Church move toward a "full-blown program of religious education," seeking to get the public schools to relinquish one day a week of the children's time (in addition to the weekends) for this purpose, and establishing a curriculum which will go heavily into the Christian implications of such subjects as history, philosophy, and literature. Related to this could be adult studies also, as the program developed.

Bishop Whittlemore's arguments may or may not be acceptable to the reader, depending on the reader's point of view. He certainly is on fire with a desire to do something about what he considers to be a bad state of affairs in American public education.

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY.

*Department of Religious Education,
Seabury-Western Theological Seminary,
Evanston, Illinois.*



Religion and the Schools. By Robert Gordis, William Gorman, F. Ernest Johnson, and Robert Lekachman. New York, The Fund for the Republic, 1958. 96 pp. (paper). Single copies free.

The Fund for the Republic is to be congratulated on initiating, sponsoring and financing a series of conversations among reputable scholars and leaders of what is referred to as "The Discussion of the Free Society." Under the direction of John Cogley, a staff member, eight persons were appointed as consultants to the consideration of the theme, "Religion in a Democratic Society." An earlier pamphlet emerged as the product of these discussions and was issued under the title, "Religion and the Free Society."

The present pamphlet contains careful intellectual analyses of aspects of the controversial problem of how religion should be related to or handled by the public schools. The authors have probed deeply, and though an individual reader is bound to disagree with the presuppositions of one or more, or all, he cannot but admire the care with which the arguments have been amassed and arranged.

Rabbi Gordis argues for a rather strict separation of religious teaching and the schools. Mr. Gorman sets forth, almost in the style of a Thomistic disputation, syllogisms and all, the thesis that whether government should aid religious schools must be viewed in such a manner as to avoid "grave violation of the prior parental right, the citizen's religious liberty, and the claims of distributive justice." Mr. Johnson discusses the matter of interfaith relationships in the school as an aspect of our pluralistic culture. Mr. Lekachman, taking what he calls "An Unreligious View," expresses amazement that the devoutly religious would want to have their children exposed to the necessarily watered-down treatment of religion possible in the public school situation.

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY.

Action Patterns in School Desegregation: A Guidebook. By Herbert Wey and John Corey. Bloomington, Ind., Phi Delta Kappa, Inc., 1959. 276 pp. (paper). \$1.50.

The socially lamentable fact is that there should have been a need for such a book to have been written at all. But the realities of the unsolved tensions of the common life among men, which so seldom measures up to the level of Christian brotherhood, at least generate among persons of good-will the desire to ameliorate the situation.

This book was written at the behest of a fraternity whose national body went on record as urging that racial desegregation in the public schools be undertaken, in response to the Supreme Court decisions, "with the least possible grief, error, and social disruption." It is designed "to help those who yet have this transition ahead of them to profit by the experience of those who have gone before . . . to help educators understand the educational issues involved, and to give them aid and comfort as they face up to such problems in their own areas." The publishers state in a letter accompanying the review copy that free copies are available from Phi Delta Kappa, Eighth and Union, Bloomington, for those with involvement in desegregation.

Community dynamics are kept constantly in mind by the writers, who were aided by a committee of Southern educators constituting the Phi Delta Kappa Commission on the Study of Educational Policies and Programs in Relation to Desegregation. Preparing a populace for the inevitable necessity is outlined with great detail and by illustration from both successful and unsuccessful towns. Every conceivable problem the local educator is likely to encounter as desegregation proceeds is discussed in order that he might be forewarned of the difficult way ahead. It is an important study for which the Fund for the Advancement of Education gave financial assistance.

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY.



New Patterns for Christian Action. By Samuel J. Wylie. Greenwich, The Seabury Press, 1959. 96 pp. (paper). \$1.50.

There are many signs of new life in the Christian Church everywhere throughout the world. These betoken both a restlessness derived from dissatisfaction with some of the traditional approaches of the Church to the world and an eagerness that the faith become vitally dynamic in the midst of present-day concerns in fresh, relevant ways.

The author of this book has explored these signs of new life in the ecumenical dimension, as the Church seeks to reexamine "the content of the Christian message and the form of the Christian Church in a society which used to be Christian but is no longer." He looks especially at these evidences of the new concern in the European scene. Among the significant movements he describes in outline are the liturgical renaissance, the re-emphasis on Bible reading and study, the conversations across denominational or confessional lines, the evangelical

academies, the theology of the laity, house churches, religious communities. Mr. Wylie sees in these convergent, though often sporadically manifested, movements a quality of Christian living that foreshadows "an increase in affection, and even a visible unity among separated Christians, as the burden of our times drives us more often to our knees."

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY.



The Church Is There. By Leslie E. Cooke. Greenwich, The Seabury Press, 1957. 59 pp. (paper). \$.95.

This pamphlet contains addresses before the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1956, at the invitation of Bishop Sherrill, by the associate general secretary of the World Council of Churches.

Instead of being merely a report on the work of the cooperating Churches in relief to refugees—though it is that, in moving paragraphs—this is also a brief and lucid statement of the theology of the Christian approach to the contemporary ministries to refugee populations, in many parts of the world.

Dr. Cooke sees the Christian witness as being centrally rooted in the New Testament. He interprets the Church's concern for the distressed in terms of the *diakonia*, which demonstrates "that what is proclaimed and believed by those who proclaim it is true. . . . What we say with our lips must be shown forth in our lives if men are to believe and find grace, and this holds not only of our personal discipleship of Christ but of the witness of the whole Christian community." It is evidence of God's intent to fulfill his purpose. "The *diakonia* bears witness to what life in the coming Kingdom of God is like, and it offers to men the privilege of entering into that life here and now."

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY.



We Obey God. Course 3, Episcopal Church Fellowship Series. Teacher's Guide and A Children's Reader. (Revised edition.) New York, Morehouse-Barlow Co., Inc., 1959.

Our Christian Heritage. Course H-L, Episcopal Church Fellowship Series. Teacher's Book by Dora P. Chaplin. Pupil's book by Powell Mills Dawley. New York, Morehouse-Barlow Co., Inc., 1959.

These courses represent, respectively, revised material for the third grade and new material for the high school in the privately published Episcopal Church Fellowship Series, a Church school curriculum. With the addition of some more new material in 1960, the curriculum as offered by Morehouse-Barlow Company, will have been completed.

We Obey God is based on the theme, "The Commandments and God's Laws." Although considerable emphasis is placed on the Ten

Commandments, the scope of the year's course is considerably larger, including units also on "While the Earth Remains, These Shall Not Cease," "God Shows Love for His People," "Showing Love for Our Neighbor," and other related themes. The teacher's guide provides rather detailed session by session plans for the untrained teacher, who, of course, does not need to follow the suggestions slavishly as she pursues her teaching. The children's reader contains stories, poems and prayers. "Something to Take Home" is a packet of cards designed to be handed to the child as he leaves for home, or used otherwise as the teacher may desire.

Professor Powel M. Dawley of General Theological Seminary has written a most interesting account of the history of the Church, with special reference to the development of Anglicanism in America. It is eminently readable by any young person, or, for that matter, by any adult who would like an elementary introduction to a vast subject. His colleague, Professor Dora P. Chaplin, has written a useful teacher's guide to accompany the course book.

It is encouraging to notice much activity, curriculum-wise, in practically every major American Church body. This is encouraging, for nothing would be so dreadful as to arrive at the point where it was assumed that the Church had available *the* perfect curriculum.

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY.



Publicity Goes to Church. By William E. Leidt. Greenwich, The Seabury Press, 1959. 122 pp. \$2.75.

A communication-minded modern parish, desirous of reaching its own people, the non-churched, and the surrounding community in and through the Gospel, must be alert to utilize in the most effective way all channels open to it.

The director of publications of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church has prepared a brief manual for the guidance of clergy and lay leaders who have the responsibility for communicating the Christian message "more adequately, more effectively, more persuasively."

Here are the basic facts about the whole range of publicity media—television, radio, printing, publications, bulletin boards, parish bulletins and magazines, direct mail, and personal contacts. There are useful suggestions for good relations with the local press and the proper preparation of news copy. He suggests ways in which a parish can organize its publicity efforts. As guiding principles for a parish's public relations, he emphasizes common sense, imagination, creativity, sincerity, originality, and the "recognition of a trust": "We are custodians, stewards if you will, of a great inheritance which only grows in worth as it is shared with others." A helpful bibliography is included for those who want to read further.

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY.

Religious Themes in Flower Arrangement. By Ruth E. Mullins. New York, Hearthsides Press, 1959. 118 pp., 62 photographs, 12 in color. \$5.95.

Each of the lovely arrangements in this book is the author's picturing of some well known and loved verse of the Bible. Throughout the book, she stresses the use of symbols, religious and secular, to add meaning to the composition.

There are arrangements suitable for use in church, synagogue, and cathedral, for public gatherings and for our homes. Those who arrange flowers for these gatherings are asked to train themselves in the use of suitable color, line, and shape of plant material, and combine their use with other symbols.

The book opens with seven arrangements depicting the great religions of the world. In each is chosen some festival which is part of each religion, and an explanation for the selection of materials and accessories used.

The chapter on church arrangements will be most helpful and thought-provoking to the members of any altar guild. The author points out that the problem of arranging flowers in the church differs from picturing religious themes for the home or for a public hall.

In church, the arrangement should be most carefully planned. The use of accessories should be avoided. Restraint should be used in design. There are many helpful suggestions as to the selection of color and line, and plant material to be used, and then relating it all to the architecture of the church, the season of the year, and the space and location the arrangement is to occupy.

In another chapter, eleven events in the life of Christ are chosen, and again there is a careful listing of plant material, colors, and the symbolism of any accessories used.

The two great festivals of Christmas and Easter are each pictured with a variety of arrangements.

One of the chapters is headed "Our Heritage." The author points out that the Bible instructs man to protect and to make wise use of the natural resources given into his keeping. In this chapter are seven arrangements depicting conservation; eight, using the Twenty-third Psalm for inspiration; and six, illustrating the Prayer of St. Francis.

At the close of the book are lists of symbolism; symbolism of flowers, leaves, and fruit; symbols that are secular, mythological, and Christian; and symbols of line and shape and color.

There is also a list of some of the flowers, foliage, and fruits of the Bible, and where in the Bible they are mentioned.

At the very end of the book are suggested flower show schedules, all with religious themes.

MARJORIE B. NICHOLAS.
(Mrs. W. Cary Nicholas)

*Highland Park, New Jersey,
and Windsor, Vermont.*

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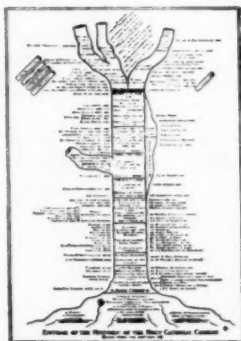
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